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THE SKIRMISH AT COLD HARBOR.

WE publish on this page a view of the scene of the skirmish on 24th, near Cold Harbor, where, in General M'Clellan's words, the 4th Michigan about finished the Louisiana Tigers. The following account of the affair we take from the *Herald:*

Intelligence having reached head-quarters that quite a force of the enemy was near New Bridge, the Fourth Michigan regiment, Colonel Woodbury, was sent to feel them, and, if necessary, interrupt their quiet. The regiment left camp at 7 A.M., their Colonel at their head, and all in splendid spirits at the prospect of a rencontre with the rebels. Lieutenant N. Bowen, of the Topographical Engineers, went with the expedition, as also a squadron of the Second regular cavalry, under command of Captain Gordon; a company of the Fifth cavalry, Lieutenant Coster; a company of the Eighteenth infantry, Captain Forsyth, and a company of the Second infantry, Captain M'Millen. New Bridge is four miles from the camp. They went down the main road about two miles, to what is called the Old Mill, and thence turned to the right through a piece of woods, keeping it till they came to an open field, commanding a view of the Chickahominy River.

A portion of Company A, Fourth Michigan regiment, Captain Rose, was here sent forward as skirmishers, and the remnant of the company kept as reserves. The regiment filed out of the wood by flank, and formed in line of battle very nearly parallel with the river, the left extending across the main road. Here the rebels were seen lying behind a fence across the river. The right wing of Colonel Woodbury's regiment was ordered to cross the river, which at this point is about thirty feet wide. In the men plunged, all accoutred as they were, but contrived to keep their muskets in condition to use. In some places the stream, which had been swollen by the rain during the night and morning, was so deep that the men were obliged to swim, and none got over without wading waist-deep in water. But this was not the worst. The enemy, who had lain concealed behind a fence close to the opposite bank of the river, kept up an incessant fire upon them. Fortunately the enemy's shots passed harmlessly over their heads. Lieutenant Bowen attempted to cross the stream with his horse, but the latter was shot under him before he had advanced a third of the way across. This prevented field-officers and the cavalry from attempting to ford the stream. All the companies but two passed the river. One of these remained behind to act as skirmishers in the wood on the right, and the other to keep an eye on the bridge and to the left beyond to prevent being flanked on either side by the enemy.

As soon as our men crossed the river the work of firing commenced. Captain Rose's company discharged the first volley on our side. All the remaining companies had their muskets to their shoulders in double-quick time. The firing was brisk and continuous on both sides. The rebels had two pieces of artillery from which they hurled shells, but, like their volleys of musketry, they passed over the heads of our men. Their cannon were planted on a hill beyond, while the infantry still kept position behind the fence, which, in addition to having an embankment as the base, in the style of old Virginia fences, had a deep and wide ditch in front. The shooting continued for nearly two hours. Our men drove the rebels behind the fence and their encampment at the left. They fled, leaving their dead and wounded behind them, taking refuge in encampments on the hill.

On our side the last shot was fired. They had four regiments engaged, Fourth and Fifth Louisiana regiments, a Virginia and an Alabama regiment, besides their artillery, while on our side there were actually only eight companies of the Fourth Michigan regiment who did the fighting.

The rebel loss is estimated in killed and wounded at about one hundred. In the ditch were found twenty-eight dead bodies. Among the killed were two lieutenants. One was shot with two balls through the head, and the body of the other was completely riddled with bullets. Of the thirty-seven prisoners we took fifteen were wounded. Our men brought them on their shoulders across the stream, whence they were taken to a dwelling-house near by, and every possible care given them by our surgeons. They all expressed astonishment at the care shown them, and stated that they had been told that if they ever fell into our hands they would be killed; and such fate they expected would be theirs.

Our men partook of the dinner the Louisiana Tigers had prepared for themselves. They captured their company books, and brought away rifles, muskets, swords, sashes, etc.

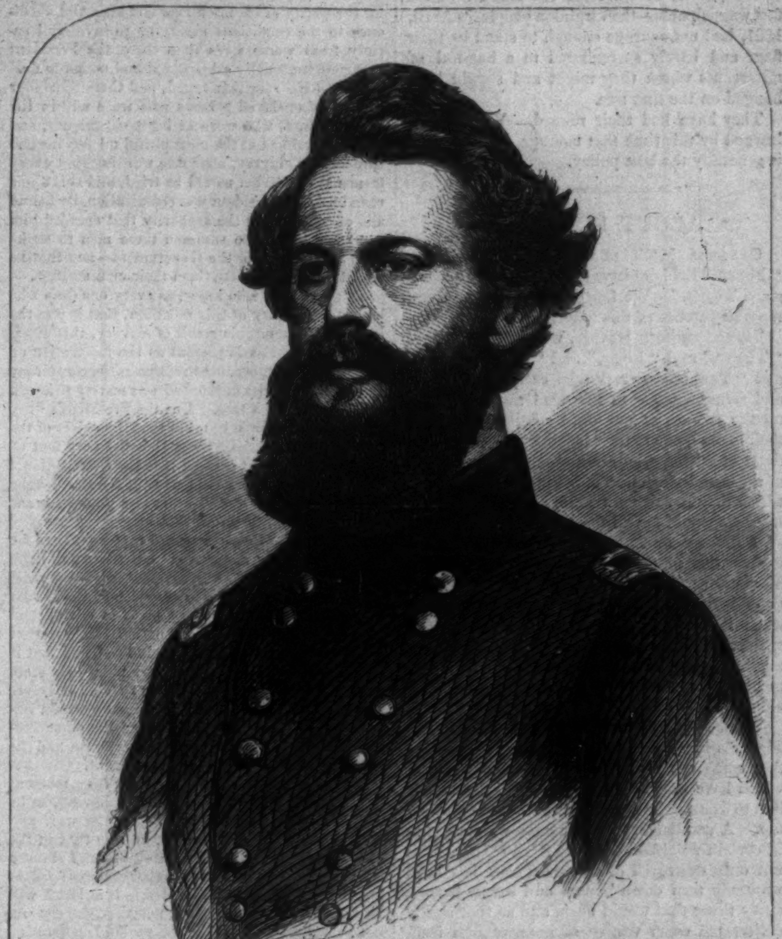
General M'Clellan, having received intelligence of the skirmish, rode toward the river and met the regiment on its return. He grasped General Woodbury warmly by the hand and said, "General, I am happy to congratulate you again on your success. I have had occasion to do so before, and do so again with pleasure." He also shook hands with Captain Rose, of the First Company, and said, "I thank you, Captain, your men have done well."

To some of the men he said, "How do you feel, boys?" They exclaimed, "General, we feel bully!"

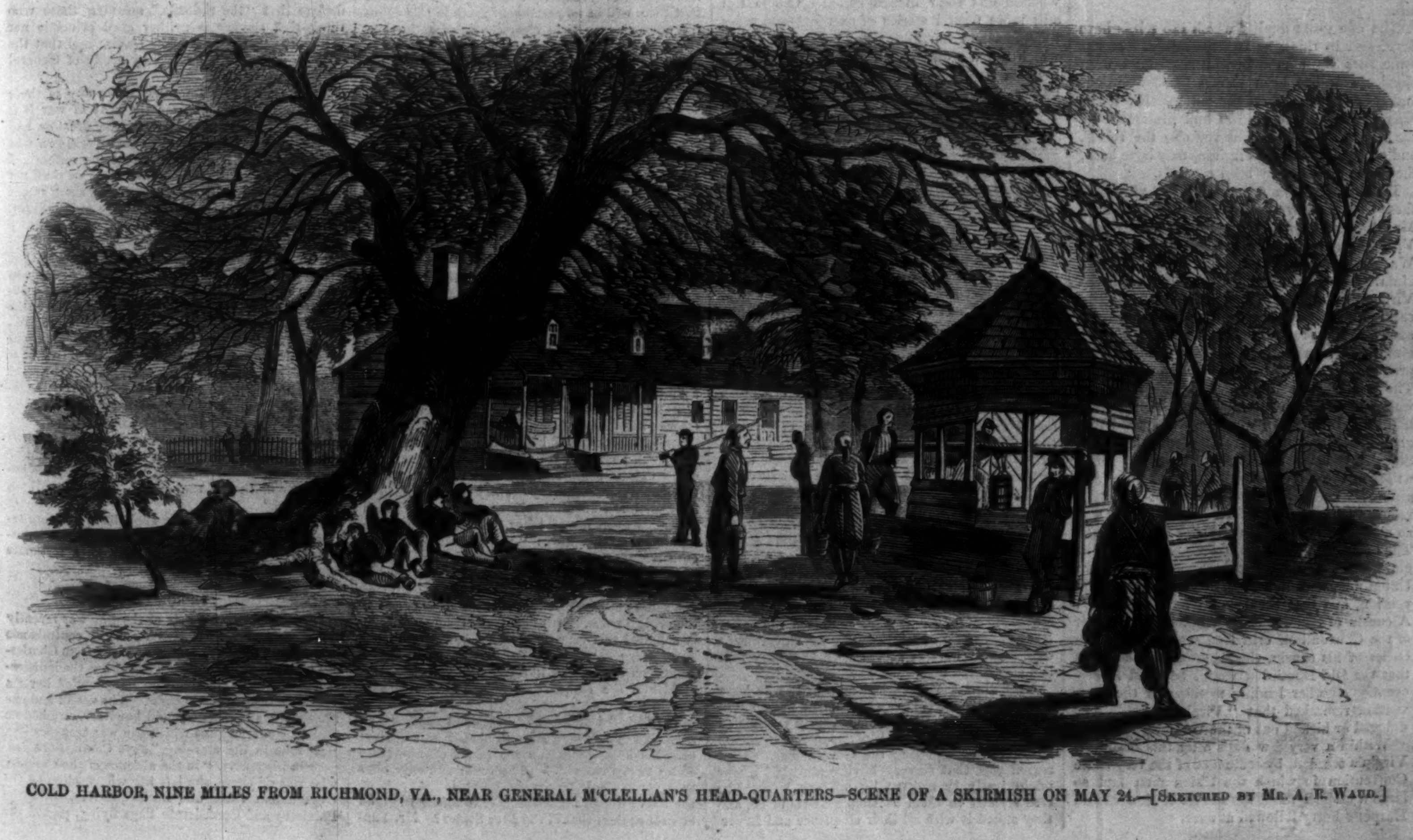
"Do you think any thing can stop you from going to Richmond?" he asked, and an enthusiastic "No!" rang from the whole line.

One secret of the success of our troops in skirmishes is thus given by a correspondent:

The movements of the Army of the Potomac during the last three days have resulted in the occupation of the entire line of the Chickahominy River, from the New Bridge to the Long Bridge. Those divisions of the army which were in the rear have gone on to the front, while those that have been marching in the front in the general onward movement (of which this division is one) have been encamped here, and have seen for three days the magnificent spectacle of an uninterrupted column of troops, of all arms—cavalry, artillery, and infantry—with all their baggage trains, marching steadily past them. The management of the entire army, from the day it left Yorktown, has been most admirable. The troops have made steady progress each day. They have not been hurried, nor overtasked, nor harassed by marches of unnecessary length. The capacity of the roads not being great enough to permit the whole of the immense army to advance at once, the march has been so arranged that the *corps d'armée* that is in the advance one day halts and encamps the next, or for two or three days, as the case may be, till all the others have passed. Thus all the troops are kept fresh and vigorous. The army has, besides, always presented a strong front to the enemy, as numberless skirmishes have proved; and our flanks have been placed beyond all possibility of surprise.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL STONEMAN, COMMANDING THE ADVANCE OF GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S ARMY.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.—[SEE PAGE 359.]



COLD HARBOR, NINE MILES FROM RICHMOND, VA., NEAR GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S HEAD-QUARTERS—SCENE OF A SKIRMISH ON MAY 24.—[SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 7, 1862.

THE RETREAT OF BANKS.

There is undoubtedly something humiliating in reading in the newspapers that in the month of May, 1862, thirteen months after the attack on Sumter, after the North has poured out men and money with unprecedented lavishness, it has again become necessary to call out the State militia to defend the capital. Nor is it agreeable to reflect that the rich valley of the Shenandoah, out of which General Banks had cleared the rebels by a series of brilliant manœuvres, and where we were slowly developing a healthy Union sentiment, has again been surrendered to the rebels, who will doubtless re-enact in that populous region all the atrocities of Jacksonville. These are unquestionably very painful reflections.

It must be said, however, in justification of the military policy which dictated the transfer of three-fourths of Banks's army to M'Dowell, that the President, by whose orders the transfer was made, was far better able to judge of the necessity for the step than the public can be. If he had reason to believe that the rebel army in Virginia contemplated an attack upon M'Dowell, it would have been criminal negligence to have run the risk of a defeat at Falmouth, which would have left the road to Alexandria open to the enemy. Painful as it is to lose the Shenandoah Valley, it would have been far more painful, more humiliating, nay, almost fatal, to have had Johnston suddenly loom up with an army flushed with victory on the bank of the Potomac, opposite the White House.

The fears which are entertained by Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, and other persons for the safety of Washington, under present circumstances, are wholly gratuitous. The rebels do not intend to invade Maryland. If any cross the Potomac, they will do so with the intention of laying down their arms, for they know that they could never return except as released prisoners of war. That some of the leaders of the rebellion are ready for any thing desperate can readily be believed, but they are not quite insane enough to run their necks deliberately and hopelessly into a noose.

The object of the Government in calling out the militia is, doubtless, to liberate the 20,000 troops now under Wadsworth at Washington, for the purpose of reinforcing Banks and Frémont. If the step shortens the contest by a few days, it will pay.

REBEL COWARDICE.

The Legislature of Virginia have solemnly resolved to defend their capital. Governor Letcher and "President" Davis have echoed the resolve, and have called every able-bodied man into the field to carry it into practical effect. Yet we risk little in predicting that by the time this paper reaches our readers Richmond will be in possession of General M'Clellan.

The one great quality which the rebels have developed in this war is cowardice. It has sometimes been moral, and sometimes been physical; it has been shown in Convention, and it has been seen on the battle-field; it has been noticed in the leaders and illustrated by the rank and file. Whatever else the rebels, and especially those in Virginia, may have been, they have undoubtedly been cowards.

Little more than a year ago the writer of these lines met, by appointment, at the room of Mr. Boteler (then a Member of Congress from Virginia, now an officer in the rebel army), at Washington, about a dozen members of the Virginia State Convention and one or two of the Virginia delegation in Congress. His object in seeking a meeting with these gentlemen was to ascertain the prospect of the secession of Virginia. Mr. (now Major-General) Banks had predicted in writing that Virginia would secede. The prophecy, coming from so high a source, was regarded with attention; and parties who had large interests in Virginia, who owned Virginia bonds and had large sums at stake in the State, felt some anxiety on the point. The writer of these lines stated as much to the Virginians who had assembled in Mr. Boteler's room. *They one and all declared that there was no chance whatever of the secession of their State.* They said that there were secessionists in Virginia, such as Ruffin and Pryor, but that the Union men were in a large majority in the Convention, and that they would hold their own. A cousin of Senator Mason, himself a member of the Convention, criticised severely the tendencies of his cousin, the Senator, and declared that the Old Dominion would be loyal in any event. Another leading member of the Convention remarked that "Virginia couldn't be dragged or kicked out of the Union."

Within a very few days after this interview Virginia seceded, by ordinance of the very State Convention in which the Union men had so large a majority, and the seizure of Norfolk and Harper's Ferry followed at once.

The records prove that the gentlemen who vouched for the loyalty of Virginia in March, 1861, did not misrepresent the facts. There *was* a large Union majority in the State Convention, and the sentiment of the State *was* emphatically against secession. As a people, the Virginians were decidedly opposed to being dragged at the tail of South Carolina into a wild revolutionary enterprise.

The secret of the sudden somersault of the Convention, and the remarkable acquiescence of the people in their decision was simply *cowardice.* It was the coercion of the Richmond mob, led on by crazy ruffians like Pryor and his fellows, which caused the Convention to pass the Act of Secession. The Union men had not courage enough to stand by their principles. There was not nerve enough in Virginia to withstand the brawling and the threats of a few hundred desperadoes. Whether the race had deteriorated like the soil, whether the business of slave-breeding had corroded the manly instincts of the people, or whatever the cause was, the fact was palpable—the Virginian people, in April, 1861, had not courage enough to stand by their flag, and basely surrendered to a handful of miscreants whom they might and should have hanged on the first tree.

They have had their reward. Virginia has learned by this time that courage, like honesty, is generally the best policy.

ABOUT FINISHED.

General M'Clellan telegraphs that the "Fourth Michigan have *about finished* the Louisiana Tigers." We fancy we shall have some more dispatches of this tenor.

These Southern bravoes, who call themselves "Tigers," and "Lions," and "Grave-diggers," and "Yankee-slayers;" who carry black flags, and refuse quarter to unarmed men; who dig up the corpses of our dead soldiers, and send their bones home to their lady loves as trophies—these creatures, who are a speaking illustration of the brutalizing effect of the institutions among which they have been reared, and whose savage instincts would appall the most ferocious native of Dahomey or Patagonia—these fellows can never withstand the onset of a Christian soldiery. They are capable of assassinating a Union man, or of whipping a black woman to death; but when it comes to standing up in a fair fight against Northern men, in any thing like equal numbers, they run like hares. Brutality and manhood can no more coexist in the same individual than oil and water can mingle.

We are not sorry to hear that the "Louisiana Tigers" are "about finished." It is about time that some other of these Southern regiments, which have desolated the South and done their best to destroy the nation, were "about finished" too. A gentleman from Tennessee reports that in certain neighborhoods the rebel soldiers have not only destroyed crops and fences, but have wantonly torn down houses and barns, burned every thing that would burn, and so thoroughly obliterated every vestige of improvement from the land, that the wretched owners who are now returning to their homes, under cover of our flag, experience some difficulty in discovering whereabouts their houses stood. Others tell still more fearful stories of outrages—outrages nameless and horrible; of whole districts in which not a woman or a girl has escaped the fiendish brutality of the Texans and Louisianians. It is about time, in the name of God and humanity, that the authors of these atrocities should be "finished."

THE LOUNGER.

THE PRESIDENT.

When President Lincoln left his home in Illinois to go to Washington, he said to his neighbors that he was about to undertake a harder task than any President had encountered since Washington. History will add that he disposed of it with a wisdom and moderation unequaled since Washington.

Recent events have brought into strong relief one peculiar aspect of the difficulties of his position. Mr. Lincoln was elected, as all our Presidents are, as the representative of certain views—namely, the constitutional limitation of slavery. Immediately upon his election a part of the defeated party, living in a certain section of the country, rose in arms and awaited the assistance of their fellow-partisans in other parts of the country. But those friends were political allies under the Constitution, not military allies to overthrow it, and with men of all parties they rallied directly to the defense of the Government. Of course their views upon slavery, and its limitation, and the proper method of dealing with it, may have been changed by the revelations and suggestions of the rebellion, or they may have remained the same. But as to the duty of maintaining the Government they were entirely of accord with the party that had elected the President.

Meanwhile the Abolitionists, a body who have conducted the anti-slavery movement upon moral grounds merely, and who had utterly repudiated political action of every kind, appeared as strong Union men, supporting the Government. Their reason was, that slavery having provoked a war might justly be smitten by military law. The case seemed to them as simple as could be, and they stated it with all their eloquence and fervor. Many, also, who were not in the technical and historic sense Abolitionists, thought at heart the same thing: "This is the time to hit slavery and make an end of it."

The duty of the President was perfectly plain. Clothed by the Constitution with the authority to invoke military power, and made by it Commander-in-Chief, he was to use that power and every thing which goes with it, to secure by arms, and by every means by which he could weaken the enemy, cutting off their supplies and starving them included, to force them to abandon their assault upon the existence of the Government and the peace and integrity of the nation. If it were necessary to that end that a city or ten cities should be bombarded and left in ashes, that the lives of a thousand or ten thousand revolted citizens should be taken by shot and shell as they were taking those of loyal men, that obstructions should be placed in harbors, that buildings should be destroyed and fields wasted, that grain and animals should be seized, and slaves compelled to work and fight against the Government should be released from all obligation to their masters, then these things, God and mankind being his witness for the purity of his intentions and his strict obedience to the conditions necessary to save civil society from worse woes than these, the President was constitutionally empowered and bound to do.

If still the rebellion raged, and there were four million of enslaved persons who were within the enemy's lines, who were at heart our friends, and whom no crime but the most pitiful misfortune had thrown into slavery, after due warning that every means at repression would be tried, and this alone remained, the President was constitutionally bound and empowered by the authority that enabled him to appeal to war, to summon these men to strike with all the rest for the Government—and that he might do so, to declare them their own masters.

To every man who knew, as every one does who knows the history of this rebellion, that it was the logical and inevitable result of slavery, this measure was almost as important as the restoration of the Government, because to suppress the conspiracy and leave the cause untouched was merely to knock the blossoms off a tree. But the President's duty was to bear steadily in mind that the object of the war was not emancipation; that the very fact of his being President showed that the constitutional majority of his fellow-citizens believed the slavery question could be settled otherwise than by arms. He was to bear in mind that all laws, state and national, were wisely suspended by war only so far as was absolutely necessary; that there was little real sympathy for the slaves; that it was essential to maintain a resistance to secession in the Border Slave States; that the very pivot of our system was the harmony of state and national rights; that the legality of slavery was purely local, and that it could be touched by the military hand only from clear military necessity, while to strike it before the nation felt that it was a necessity would imperil not only the Government and the emancipation of slaves, but the liberty of every man and the hope of civil society upon this continent.

He has not failed. He has never for a moment forgotten or obscured the issue. Believing, as he doubtless does, that slavery began the war, and that the war will end slavery, he sees that in the conduct of the war itself the treatment of slavery is but an episode, like every other means of reducing the rebellion, and if he strikes it at last it will be because he is convinced, not that slavery can not be destroyed, but that the nation is persuaded that the war can not be ended without it.

And whether the war can be ended or not without ending slavery, the President undoubtedly knows, for he is peculiarly a man of common sense, that there will be no permanent peace in this country until slavery is in clear course of extinction. If statesmanship be enlightened common sense applied to the management of public affairs, William Pitt was not a greater statesman than Abraham Lincoln.

FOREIGN WAR.

This Government is suppressing the armed effort of a faction to overthrow it. Any terms short of absolute surrender of the insurgents are therefore the victory of the rebellion. Intervention means either the proposing of conditions, which is a proposition to the Government to acknowledge itself overthrown; or it means forcible assistance of the rebels, which is war and not intervention.

Consequently the question to ask is not whether any foreign power is likely to intervene in our difficulty, but what will any such power gain by making war upon the United States? Obviously a second-rate nation is less to be feared by a great state than an equal power, but if the equal power is distant and friendly, and the two are related by a mutually advantageous commerce, the abstraction that a state is a rival is not a sufficient provocative to the risks of war.

Or what commercial advantage is gained by a war? A year ago we said in this column what every man of sense saw, that the rebellion would teach England and every country that looked to us for cotton how uncertain the supply must be which depended upon forced labor. The London *Times* says on the 3d of May: "We do wish to liberate ourselves from dependence on a single slaveholding country for the staple material of our manufactures." Now if England passes this year without her usual supply from this country she has passed the critical point. But how is she to be more surely supplied this year by making war? We shall have every cotton port defended by iron ships. How soon is England likely to feed starving Lancashire if she makes war for cotton under those conditions?

If political jealousy and industrial necessity do not drive any foreign state to declare war against us, what inducement can the rebels offer to those states to run the risk? The great and only offer they can make is free trade. But is the trade of the Slave States more valuable to either England or France than that of the Free States? Mr. Yancey is said to have made this proposition of free trade to M. Thouvenel. "But we shall take more cotton," said the minister, "than you take silks; how shall we pay you?" "The laws of trade must have their course," replied the astute Yancey, "and you can send us the specie." "*Tiens!*" answered the minister, "that is not our way of doing business. Besides, I am told, Monsieur, that in the Northern States the domestics wear silk dresses, and parasols, and bonnets; but I learn that the domestics of the South do not wear silk. Have you any other advantage to mention?"

Se non e vero, e ben trovato. It is well invented, certainly, and when we remember that the amiable Yancey (who, Parson Brownlow told us, was, in other and happier days, pardoned out of the South Carolina state-prison, where he had been placed for murdering his uncle) returned to New Orleans and told his anxious fellow-conspirators and their dupes that cotton was not king, we may be very sure that he has relinquished all hope of foreign aid.

If any foreign state declares hostilities against the United States, it opens the tragedy of universal war, and the most timid may be very sure that John Bull and Johnny Crapeau will both look very sharply at what they are likely to lose as well as to win in the event of a general shaking up of nations.

NEWS CENSORSHIP.

When Mr. Stanton was called to the War Department his first official act, the issue of a congratulatory address to the army at Mill Spring, was hailed almost like a victory. At last, cried all the papers, we have energy and intelligence in the War Office. With every order and proclamation the applause increased until the famous letter which attributed victory to the spirit of the Lord rather than to well-served artillery. But when this was presently followed by the regulation regarding the publication of war news, the papers changed their tone, and the energy and intelligence of the Secretary of War are praised no longer.

Yet there can be no question of the wisdom of such an order. The present writer is a newspaper writer, and he may therefore say that, in the first place, newspaper correspondents at the seat of war are good fellows, but they are not such discreet gentlemen that they are sure to say only what they should say; and, in the second place, it is an immense relief to the country to know that all the news which it receives from the armies in the field is not inference, nor surmise, nor rumor, but settled fact. And the order is fully justified by this security.

So with General Halleck's order excluding correspondents from his lines—it is, and must be, and ought to be within his discretion. For it should be constantly understood that when we go to war we accept the conditions of war; and absolute free discussion and publication of every subject are incompatible with it. They belong to a civilization which has generally outgrown war; and when it is forced to recur to it, it is equally compelled to abridge those liberties.

Since the Government has taken the telegraph for war news into its own hands, the papers, in that department at least, have become newspapers. In other departments we are still at the mercy of as many wild speculations as there are correspondents; and every morning every question is telegraphed as settled or to be settled in exactly different ways. And no skillful reader of newspapers thinks of believing any thing he sees until there is some kind of authorized statement. He knows, for instance, that the *Times* will always put the most resolutely cheerful aspect upon every event or rumor; he knows that the *Herald* will always declare that "the radicals," meaning those who think that slavery is neither good principle nor policy, are trying to aid Jeff Davis; and that the *Tribune* will always speak very coolly of General M'Clellan.

Yet we all know now, that when any of those papers mention a fact from the seat of war it *is* a fact. Nobody doubted that the *Monitor* had beaten back the *Merrimac*, or that Yorktown was evacuated; and if at any moment the authorized news comes that Richmond has fallen, we shall not wonder if it be really so. Meanwhile the "rumor in town" that it has fallen is entirely unimportant.

And what harm has this supervision of military news done?

Correspondents are allowed to write what they please afterward. Ought they, or we, or the editors to complain if they are not permitted to mention the number of troops, the artillery force, the route to be pursued, and the intentions of the campaign? To say that the enemy knows all about it, whether we print it or not, is utter folly, for it begs the question. Do we know all about the rebel force and plan? Did we know exactly the dimensions and armament and arrangement of the *Merrimac*? Would J. Davis not have been a greater fool than we believe him to be if he had allowed the Norfolk *Day-Book* to print all such details? Did he not, doubtlessly, and wisely, say, "the enemy may find out if they can, I certainly shall *not* tell them?"

If the Secretary of War shall have no more serious sin to answer for than supervising the transmission of military news he will be a fortunate man.

HEROISM.

One of the bravest acts of the war was recently reported from Hilton Head. Eight contrabands brought out the rebel steamer *Planter* from Charleston harbor. Commander Parrott has the indiscretion to call the chattel who commanded her "a very intelligent contraband." The vessel had one 32-pounder and one 24-pound howitzer, and had on board four large guns which she was transporting. "At four in the morning," says Commodore Du pont in his report, "in the absence of the Captain, who was on shore, she left her wharf, close to the Government office and head-quarters, with the Palmetto and Confederate flags flying, passed the successive forts, saluting as usual by blowing the steam-whistle. After getting beyond the range of the last gun she hauled down the rebel flag and hoisted a white one."

"Robert Small," continues Commodore Dupont, with an apparent extraordinary forgetfulness of the fact that he is speaking of a piece of property, "the intelligent slave and pilot of the boat, who performed this bold feat so skillfully, informed me of this fact (that one of the guns on board had belonged to Fort Sumter), presuming it would be a matter of interest to us to have possession of this gun. This man, Robert Small, is superior to any who have come into our lines, intelligent as many of them have been. His information has been most interesting, and portions of it of the utmost importance." He concludes by recommending to the Department the claims of "the man, Small, and his associates."

Now all this is not to be endured. As this war, according to the learned Phelps, of Missouri, is a "white man's war," he will strenuously object to availing ourselves of the assistance of black men, and he will, of course, insist that the *Planter* shall be returned, with compliments and regret for the inadvertence of her capture, to the excellent rebels at Charleston. While the patriotic Vallandigham, whose gentle soul sighs in concert with the amiable B. Wood's for peace, will find in this another occasion which "demands the reorganization of the Democratic Party," in order that these fugitives from a patriarchal and Christianizing system may be returned to it at once to complete the sanctification of their souls.

The patriotic Vallandigham probably remembers going to Charlestown, Virginia, in the autumn of 1859, with his friend, Mr. J. M. Mason, late of the *Trent*, now of Europe, to see one John Brown, and to try to extort from that old man something that might implicate Mr. Giddings or any member of the Republican Party in the trouble at Harper's Ferry, and that he did not succeed. He may further remember that upon his return to Ohio he is reported to have said of John Brown: "He is the farthest possible remove from the ordinary ruffian, fanatic, or madman." Does he also know what this man once said of black men?—"They behaved so much like folks he almost thought they were so."

Robert Small's conduct certainly favors that theory. What theory does the gentle Vallandigham's conduct in this war favor?

NOT THEY WHO CRY LORD! LORD!

It is an interesting fact in our political history that the men at the South who, two or three years ago, vociferated the most loudly that they had no platform but the Constitution and the Laws, immediately, upon the election of a President under the Constitution and according to Law, sheered straight into rebellion. The person named Henry, who during the canvass was hawked through the North as a Southern Union man of the purest kind, is a prominent member of the Rebel Congress. John Bell, the candidate for President upon the "Union, the Constitution, and the Laws" platform, is or was member of some Committee of Safety to secure the overthrow of the Government; and among many others, Kenneth Raynor, of North Carolina, now turns up with a proposition to make it penal for any citizen to show favor to the cause of his country.

How true it is, and how well to remember that those who cry most loudly "Lord! Lord!" are not necessarily the greatest saints.

JOHN LORENCE AND THE NEW JERSEY NINTH.

In the last *Weekly* the reader will have remarked a poem called "John Lorence," and reciting in honest rhyme the fate of a corporal of the New Jersey Ninth at the battle of Roanoke, who had both his legs shattered by a cannon-ball. Dr. Thompson, of Twenty-third Street, New York, writes that he was obliged to amputate both legs just below the knee, and that the stalwart soldier, as fine a man as he ever saw, is thus terribly crippled, and the future of his family imperiled. "But with all his sufferings, never once has a murmur escaped his lips, nor do I believe the thought entered his mind that he wished he had never gone to the war." When the news of the victory was brought to the hospital where he lay the morning after the battle, John Lorence raised himself upon his elbow and called for three cheers for the flag.

We are all debtors to John Lorence as we are to Worden. Dr. Thompson proposes to get him a pair of artificial legs, that he may follow his business of shoemaking. For this purpose about $200 are required, and a little more to give him a start. Let us help him, wisely says the Doctor, that he may help himself. Whoever will do so may send his contribution to J. B. Romar, Esq., Mayor of Jersey City.

"He longs to go, though on his stumps,
And serve his country more:
Brave Lorence! well your country knows
Your fighting days are o'er."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The Bare Idea!—A lady and gentleman were looking down into the bear-pit at the Zoological Gardens, when the lady (Mrs. Jones, of Camden Town) exclaimed quite impulsively, "Oh! look at these dear little bears. Why, what a darling lot of 'em!" "Yes, my dear," answered the gentleman (Mr. Jones, of the same locality), "I declare it's quite an-*urea-ry*—almost as full as our own!" The lady agreed with her husband, and even laughed, though it was morally impossible she could have understood the wretch's joke. We envy Mrs. Jones her ignorance.

Several of our dashing young men of fashion have, it is said, lately adopted the plan of having their clothes made without pockets; and, as their tailors allege, for the *best possible reason.*

Lost, a new silk umbrella, belonging to a gentleman with a curiously-carved ivory head!

Why when a chick emerges from the shell does it resemble a strike for freedom?—Because it throws off the yoke (yolk).

SPECULATIONS ABOUT MONEY, AND WITHOUT ANY MONEY.

The only speculations we allow ourselves are mental ones, because they are perfectly safe, and can always be indulged in without the expenditure of a single penny. Besides, if they do occasionally turn out badly, you are not compelled to put down your horse, or to drink two glasses of wine *per diem* instead of three, or to exchange lump sugar for moist, in consequence of the result. Neither insanity nor suicide were ever known to grow out of a confirmed indulgence of the practice. Mental speculations may be called the art of speculating with profit and security without any money. Among other harmless things, we like to launch into the wildest speculations about money. It is a kind of consolation for not possessing any one's self. You feel all the richer at the moment, and are none the poorer when it is over. For instance, here are two little speculations in which we recently invested a very agreeable quarter of an hour while smoking a mild cigar.

First Speculation. What is a Circular Note? At first we thought it might be a milliner's note for a lady's crinoline; but we soon discarded that absurd idea, and, taking another puff at our Havana, came to the conclusion that a circular note must have been originally so framed for the purpose of holding a good round sum.

Second Speculation. What is a "Shin-Plaster?" We had often heard of shin-plasters, but never having seen one we could not very well make out what they were like. A fancy struck us that they might be plasters for the special relief of persons who had itching palms; but as the "shin" was plainly indicated, of course that notion instantly fell to the ground, as well as the succeeding one that they were probably intended to relieve persons who were laboring under a complaint of the chest. Puffing away again, we could only solve the difficulty by supposing that a shin-plaster was nothing better than a kind of poor man's substitute when he couldn't get the real "golden ointment," and was an ingenious specific invented in the first instance by a weak government that was on its last legs, and was obliged to resort to this quack remedy with the view of maintaining any thing like a footing in the money-market. The above speculation is, we confess, a most elaborate one, but the extreme ingenuity of it amused us, besides enabling us to finish in a most agreeable frame of mind our delicious cigar.

Such speculations are exceedingly harmless, and moreover they have this great merit, that they are never likely to be the ruin, much less the death, of any one. For instance, we ourselves, after the above profitable investment of a quarter of an hour, felt as happy and as contented as if we had just been making a handsome little *coup* of fifty thousand pounds on the Stock Exchange.

A woman lately made a pound of butter from the cream of a joke, and a cheese from the milk of human kindness.

Why are sheep the most dissipated, reckless, and unfortunate of creatures?—Because they gambol in youth, frequent the turf, think it no disgrace to be black-legs, and are often fleeced.

To discover the shortest distance between two places, jump into a cab and pay the driver in advance. To ascertain the greatest distance between two places, reverse matters, and pay him when you get there.

"Fare well," as the host said to his guest when dinner was served.

What bird tells of a tempestuous time at sea?—A night-in-gale.

Nature preaches cheerfulness in her saddest moods: she covers even forgotten graves with flowers.

Why is the labor of a mill-horse not so hard as it is represented to be?—Because it is done by turns.

An Exhausted Receiver.—A pawnbroker out of breath.

Many a person in a fine suit of clothes is but an ugly maggot in a good-looking nut-shell.

A Sign of Rain.—To see dry-goods' dealers festoon their door-posts with cheap umbrellas.

Why is a man in difficulties like an ostrich in wet weather?—Because he can't find the dust to cover his bill.

Mrs. Partington wants to know what sort of drums conun-drums are. She thinks some hard to beat.

A late traveler says it is so cold in the northern part of Greenland that it freezes the fire out.

Where is happiness always to be found?—In the dictionary.

Chaos.—A woman entering your room to put your papers "to rights."

They say that love is like the measles—all the worse when it comes late in life.

Cure for Dyspepsia.—Close all the outer doors of a four-story house, open the inner doors, then take a long switch and chase a cat up and down stairs till she sweats. These directions faithfully followed daily for three months have never failed to effect a cure.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

What is that which is a cat, is like a cat, and is yet not a cat?

A kitten.

Why are three couples going to be married like penny-trumpets?

Because they go to, to, to (two, two, two).

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, May 20, in the Senate, Senator Sumner gave notice that he should call up the resolution for the expulsion of Senator Stark, of Oregon, who is charged with disloyalty. The Pacific Railroad bill was then taken up, but before the reading of it was concluded the morning hour expired, and the debate on the Confiscation bill was resumed, and Senator Davis, of Kentucky, made a long speech in opposition to it; but without concluding his remarks the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Senate bill declaring that negroes shall not be disqualified from carrying the mails was reported back, with a recommendation that it do not pass; but without taking the question the House proceeded to the consideration of the Confiscation bill, and several speeches were delivered on the subject.

On Wednesday, May 21, in the Senate, the Census report was presented. A joint resolution giving the thanks of Congress to Flag-Officer Farragut and the officers and men under his command was adopted. The Military Committee were instructed to inquire into the expediency of granting bounty lands to soldiers enlisted for three months and one year; also for pensions for the widows of soldiers who die in the service. The Tax bill was taken up, and several amendments proposed by the Finance Committee agreed to. The Senate held an executive session and then adjourned.——In the House, a bill providing for raising sunken vessels-of-war in Hampton Roads was referred. A resolution that Congress take a recess from Wednesday next to June 2 was laid on the table by a vote of 78 yeas to 46 nays. The Senate bill removing all disqualifications of color in carrying the mails was also laid on the table by a vote of 83 against 43. The House then resumed the consideration of the Confiscation bill, and the debate continued till the adjournment.

On Thursday, May 22, in the Senate, petitions from citizens of Maryland, asking for the better enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law in the District of Columbia, were presented and referred. Senator Sumner offered a resolution directing inquiry as to what legislation is necessary to protect negroes from unconditional seizure, or seizure by disloyal persons. At one o'clock the Senate was organized as a high court of impeachment for the trial of Judge Humphreys, of Tennessee. The Senators were duly qualified, and the managers of the trial on the part of the House read the articles of impeachment. The managers were then informed that the Senate would take proper order in the case, and that due notice would be given of the same, whereupon the court adjourned till the 9th of June. The Senate then proceeded to discuss the Tax bill, and several amendments were adopted. A resolution was adopted calling on the President for information relative to the condition of Mexico, and the alliance of European Powers as regards this country.——In the House, the bill to secure the speedy transmission of the mails, by requiring railroad companies to enter into contracts with the Post-Office Department—the rate of compensation, in case of disagreement, to be settled by the Court of Claims—was passed by four majority. The debate on the Confiscation bills was then resumed and continued till the adjournment.

On Friday, May 23, in the Senate, the resolution directing the Judiciary Committee to inquire as to what legislation is necessary to protect negroes from unconstitutional seizure was adopted. A bill providing that appointments on the army staffs shall be sent to the Senate for confirmation was passed. The Tax bill was then taken up, and on reading the seventy-fifth section the Senate adjourned.——The session of the House was devoted to debate on the Confiscation bills.

On Saturday, May 24, in the Senate, a bill was introduced to legalize and confirm the act of the President accepting volunteers under the act of the 22d of July, 1861, and to authorize the acceptance of two hundred thousand additional to those under that act. Referred. Senator Wilson introduced a bill to amend the Fugitive Slave act. The consideration of the Tax bill was then resumed, and having reached the one hundred and eighth section the Senate adjourned till Monday.——In the House, Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, rose to what he considered a privileged question, and presented a preamble and resolution rehearsing the main facts respecting the recent collision of the civil and military authorities on the subject of the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law, and providing for the appointment of a select committee to investigate all the circumstances. The Speaker decided that the proposition was not a privileged question. The debate on the Confiscation bills was then resumed, and continued till the adjournment.

On Monday, May 26, in the Senate, Senator Sumner offered two resolutions in relation to slaves—one calling on the Secretary of War for information as to the execution by our Generals of the act of August, 1861, freeing slaves employed in any manner by the rebels to assist the rebellion; the other extending a general invitation to all persons, without distinction as to color, to come forward and aid the Government in putting down the rebellion. Senator Sumner also offered a bill to repeal the Fugitive Slave law and to prohibit slavery in the Territories, forts, arsenals, dock-yards, and all other places under the special jurisdiction of the National Government. Senator Howe introduced a bill, which was referred, providing for a more effective mode of procedure with obstinate rebels in places taken possession of by the Union armies. A discussion took place on the subject of the transfers of troops from some of the army corps to give strength to others, and especially with reference to the recent weakening of General Banks's army, thereby necessitating his retirement to the Potomac. The Tax bill was taken up, and several amendments were adopted. Pending the vote on an amendment to reduce the tax on tobacco from twenty to fifteen cents, the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Confiscation bill was taken up, and some discussion ensued. The bill was somewhat amended, and finally passed, by eighty-two yeas to sixty-two nays. The bill to give freedom to slaves employed in the rebel service was next taken up, and a debate on it took place. Various amendments were offered and rejected, and finally a vote was taken on the passage of the bill, and it was defeated, by seventy-eight nays to seventy-four yeas. The Senate bill for the relief of the colored seamen who recently ran the rebel steamer *Planter* out of Charleston harbor, and delivered her to our blockading fleet, was then passed, when the House adjourned.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

General M'Clellan's army has crossed the Chickahominy, and is within five miles of Richmond. Skirmishes are occurring hourly. Our advance is at Mechanicsburg. The railroad bridge to Fredericksburg has been destroyed by our troops.

ADVANCE OF GENERAL M'DOWELL.

General M'Dowell on 26th advanced six miles beyond Fredericksburg. The rebels evacuated their camp on 24th, and withdrew their pickets on the morning of 25th. The Harris Light Cavalry scoured the country on that day, for fifteen miles from the Rappahannock, and found none of the enemy.

THE REPULSE OF BANKS.

General Banks has retreated back into Maryland. He had got as far as Harrisonburg, 20 miles from Staunton and the railway, when he received an order from the War Department directing him to send 15,000 of his troops, under General Shields, to reinforce General M'Dowell at Fredericksburg, and to fall back upon Strasburg, some fifty miles in his rear. The moment he began to retreat in obedience to this order Jackson followed in pursuit. General Shields passed through Manassas Gap safely and joined M'Dowell. Colonel Kenly, who commands a Maryland regiment, was started over the same route and had reached Front Royal, which lies about ten miles east of Strasburg, on the road to Manassas Gap, when he was intercepted by the rebels, and, as General Banks states in his brief dispatch, "repulsed with considerable loss," the rebels occupying Front Royal, and thus breaking his communication over the railroad with Eastern Virginia, and compelling him to fall still further back with the remnant of his force.

Our latest intelligence from him is contained in the following dispatch:

Williamsport, *May* 26—4 P.M.

To the President:

I have the honor to report the safe arrival of my command at this place last evening at ten o'clock, and the passage of the Fifth corps across the river to-day, with comparatively little loss. The loss of men in killed, wounded, and missing in the different combats in which my command has participated since the march from Strasburg, on the morning of the 24th inst., I am unable now to report; but I have great satisfaction in being able to represent that, although serious, it is much less than might have been anticipated, considering the very great disparity of forces engaged, and the long-matured plans of the enemy, which aimed at nothing less than the entire capture of our force. A detailed statement will be forwarded as soon as possible.

My command encountered the enemy in a constant succession of attacks and in well-contested engagements at Strasburg, Middletown, Newton; at a point also between these places, and at Winchester. The force of the enemy was estimated at from 15,000 to 20,000 men, with very strong artillery and cavalry supports. My own force consisted of two brigades—less than 4000 strong, all told—1500 cavalry, ten Parrott guns and six smooth bores. The substantial preservation of the entire supply is a source of gratification. It numbered about five hundred wagons on a forced march of fifty-three miles, thirty-five of which were performed in one day, subject to constant attack in front, rear, and flank, according to its position, by the enemy in full force. The panics of teamsters, and the mischances of river passage of more than 300 yards, with slender preparations for ford and ferry, I lost not many more than fifty wagons. A full statement of this loss will be forwarded forthwith. Very great commendation is due to Captain J. B. Holabird, A. Q. M., and Captain E. G. Breckwith, for the safety of the train.

Our troops are in good spirits, and occupy both sides of the river.

N. P. Banks,
Major-General Commanding.

HALF A MILLION MORE MEN READY TO MARCH.

The call of the President for additional troops from the Governors of the different States was responded to by nearly half a million of men, who offered their services within twenty-four hours after the proclamations were issued. Colonel Lefferts, of the 7th New York State Militia, only received the order of the Governor at eleven o'clock on Sunday night to march next day, and at nine o'clock on Monday night he started for Washington with a full regiment, thoroughly equipped, amidst the enthusiasm and plaudits of a vast multitude. Several other regiments of the militia will follow them with equal promptitude.

THREATENED RIOT IN BALTIMORE.

The report of the reverse to Colonel Kenly's command, which was principally recruited in Baltimore, created a great excitement in Baltimore, and the rebel sympathizers there were so impudent as to show their satisfaction at the reverse. The consequence was great indignation against them on the part of the Union men, who are now much in the ascendant there. An excited crowd collected in the streets, and many known secessionists were very roughly handled, one of them barely escaping hanging. At last accounts, however, the crowd had thinned down, and matters were assuming their wonted quiet.

MORE NEW YORK MILITIA TO TAKE THE FIELD.

Albany, *May* 25, 1862.

The Governor has ordered the Fifth New York Volunteer Artillery, Colonel Graham, and the Seventh Regiment New York State Militia, Colonel Lefferts, to leave for Washington to-morrow.

The Eighth, Eleventh, Thirty-seventh, and Seventy-first regiments of militia, of the city of New York, and the Twenty-fifth militia regiment of Albany, and others, will follow without delay.

RUMORED CAPTURE OF RALEIGH.

Rumors reached Fortress Monroe from Newbern on Saturday that Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, had been captured a few days previous, and that the United States flag was then floating over the city. No particulars, however, had been received.

JEFF WILL NOT GIVE UP VIRGINIA.

The Richmond papers contain a highly interesting correspondence between Jeff Davis and the Virginia Legislature in reference to the last backward movements of the rebel army, in which Jeff Davis says that he had never entertained the thought of withdrawing the army from Virginia and abandoning the State; that if, in the course of events, the capital should fall, the necessity of which he did not see or anticipate, that would be no reason for withdrawing the army from Virginia. The war could still be successfully carried on and maintained on Virginia soil for twenty years.

SUFFERINGS OF THE PEOPLE OF VIRGINIA.

Some gentlemen who fled from Petersburg describe the condition of things there as fearful. They state that the sufferings of the people are almost beyond endurance. The scarcity of provisions was so great that every thing was seized for the army, and even the soldiers have been on half rations for a week past, with no prospect of even this supply continuing for any great length of time. The work of conscription was progressing, and the roads to Richmond were thronged with unarmed men, old and young, being driven along under strongly armed guards. These gentlemen represent that no people in modern times have suffered more than the people of Virginia are now suffering, every household being in fear of an approaching famine.

NORFOLK STILL SULKY.

The Mayor and City Councils of Norfolk, it appears, are still indisposed to take the oath of allegiance, in consequence of which General Wool has ordered the stoppage of what little trade they have heretofore enjoyed with the outside world. He has issued another proclamation, notifying the people that the matter is entirely in their own hands; that by acknowledging the supremacy of the Government they can enjoy its fostering care, and the advantages of trade and commerce, and assuring them that no contingency is possible whereby Norfolk will again be given up to the control of the rebel Government. Those who entertain Union sentiments, he says, can give expression to them with ample assurance of protection. A Union meeting was held in Portsmouth on 22d, at which not less than eight hundred persons were present, including many from Norfolk.

A VICTORY IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

A National force of 1300 men, under Colonel Crook, stationed at Lewisburgh, in Greenbrier County, on the Greenbier River, was attacked on 23d by a rebel force of 3000, under Colonel Heath, and after a severe fight the rebels were defeated, and completely routed. Our loss is ten killed, forty wounded, and eight missing; that of the enemy is much greater. We captured four cannon, two of them rifled; two hundred stand of arms, and one hundred prisoners, including several officers.

COMMODORE FARRAGUT AT VICKSBURG.

A dispatch dated Vicksburg, Mississippi, May 21, states that the commander of our flotilla from below had ordered the removal of the women and children from the city within twenty-four hours, and that the Mayor had asked until Friday, the 23d. There were then reported to be ten of our boats below the city.

IMPORTANT ORDER.

Washington, *May* 25, 1862.

Ordered—By virtue of the authority vested by an act of Congress, the President takes military possession of all the railroads in the United States, from and after this date, until further orders, and directs that the respective railroad companies, their officers and servants, shall hold themselves in readiness for the transportation of troops and munitions of war as may be ordered by the military authorities, to the exclusion of all other business.

By order of the Secretary of War.

M. C. Meigs, Quarter-master-General.

CAPTURE OF A REBEL TRANSPORT.

Dispatches from Cape Girardeau, Missouri, inform us of the capture of a rebel steamer named the *E. D. Miller*, bound down the St. Francis River, laden with stores for Memphis, and carrying a company of rebel troops. Her passage was arrested by Colonel Daniels, at Camp Lagrange, who riddled her with a six-pounder gun, killing Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis and wounding several others. The soldiers, numbering sixty, were taken prisoners.

CAPTURE OF BRITISH STEAMERS.

The gun-boats *Mercedita* and *Somerset* have brought into Key West two British steamers—the *Bermuda* and *Circassian*—laden with arms and munitions to the value of a million and a half of dollars, intended to be run into some Southern port for the services of the rebellion. The *Bermuda* had a full cargo of arms and munitions of war. Her manifest occupied some four pages of foolscap paper, and the quantity on board a vessel of her tonnage is surprising. Besides pistols and cutlasses in any quantity, there was a number of six and a half and seven and a half inch rifled guns, together with several complete field-batteries, nearly fifty thousands pounds of powder in barrels, besides cases of cartridges, fixed ammunition, and shells. The steamer *Circassian* was captured by the gun-boat *Somerset*, Captain English, on the 4th inst., twenty miles east of Havana, and was nominally coming from that port *via* St. Thomas. She was heavily laden, and although the exact contents of her cargo has not been ascertained, there is little doubt that she carries arms and provisions for the rebels.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

DEFEAT OF THE GOVERNMENT.

Lord Palmerston's Government has been defeated in the House of Commons by a majority of one recorded against ministers on the second reading of a bill for the abolition of church rates.

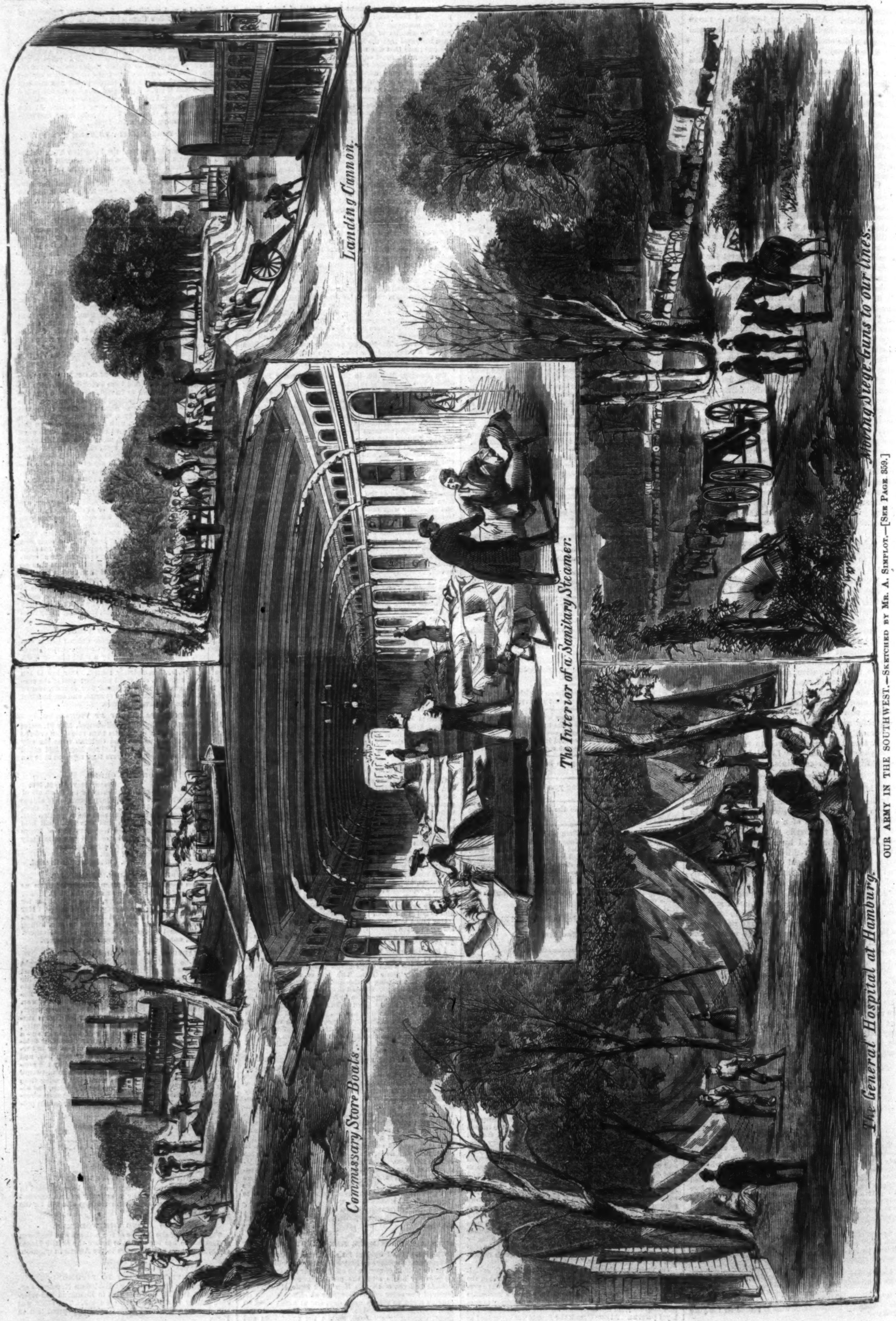
DISTRESS AMONG THE WORKMEN.

The subject of the distress of the artisans and workmen of Lancashire has been brought before the British House of Lords, without any reference to the American question.

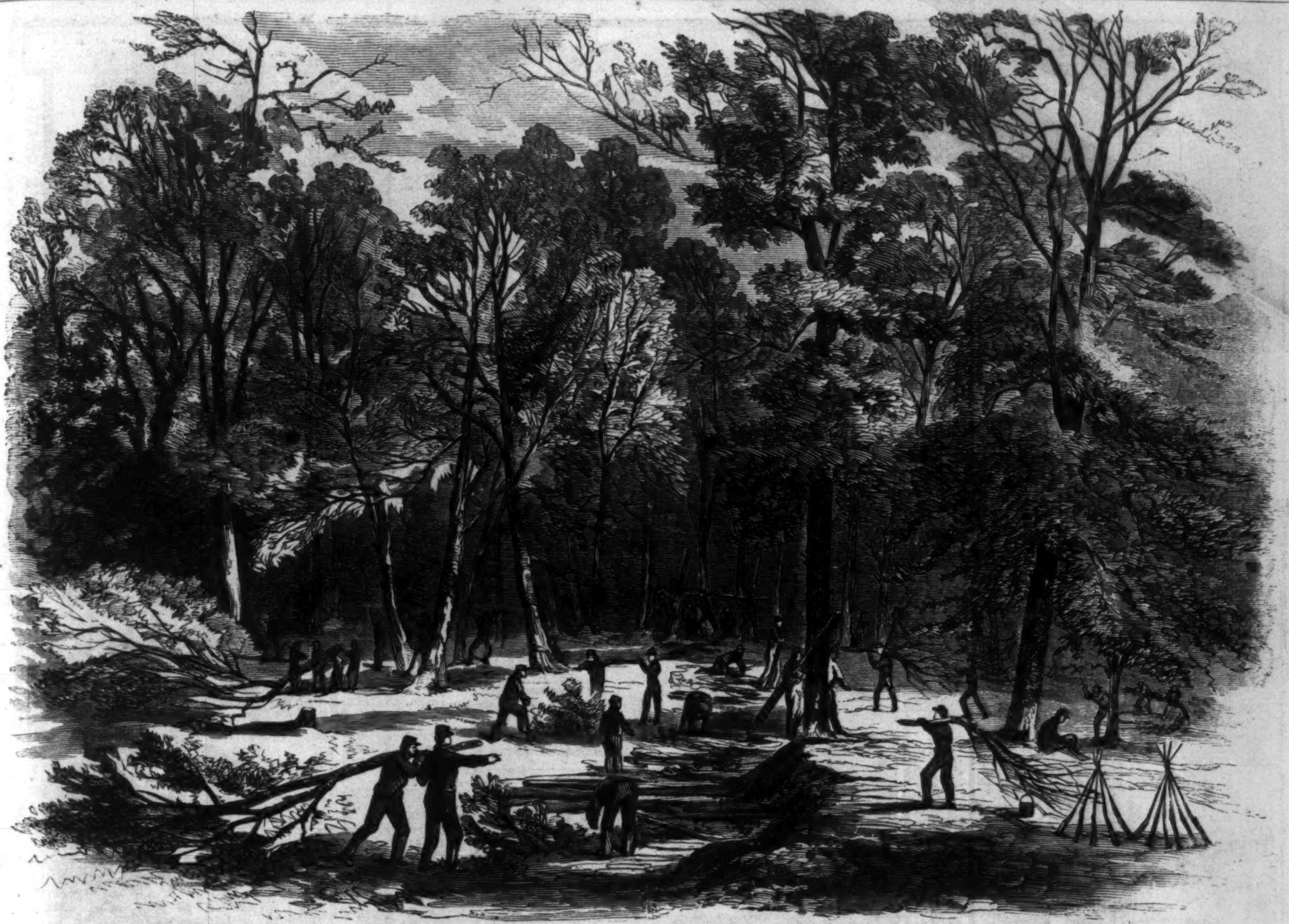
FRANCE.

M. MERCIER'S VISIT TO RICHMOND.

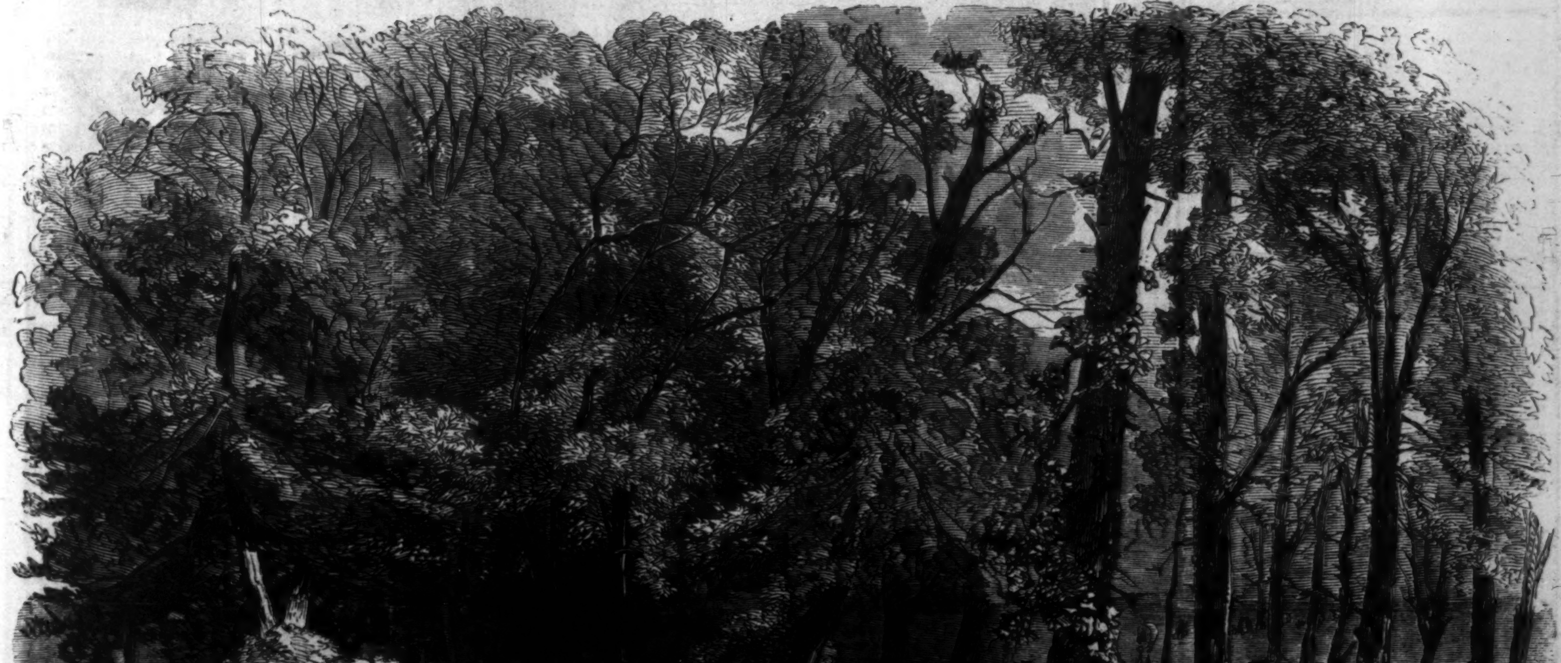
The *Opinion Nationale* of Paris—Prince Napoleon's organ—says that M. Mercier's visit to Richmond had reference merely to a French tobacco stock. The affair was still, however, the cause of much political speculation in Paris.


Landing Cannon.
Moving Siege Guns to our lines.
The Interior of a Sanitary Steamer.
Commissary Store Boats.
The General Hospital at Hamburg.

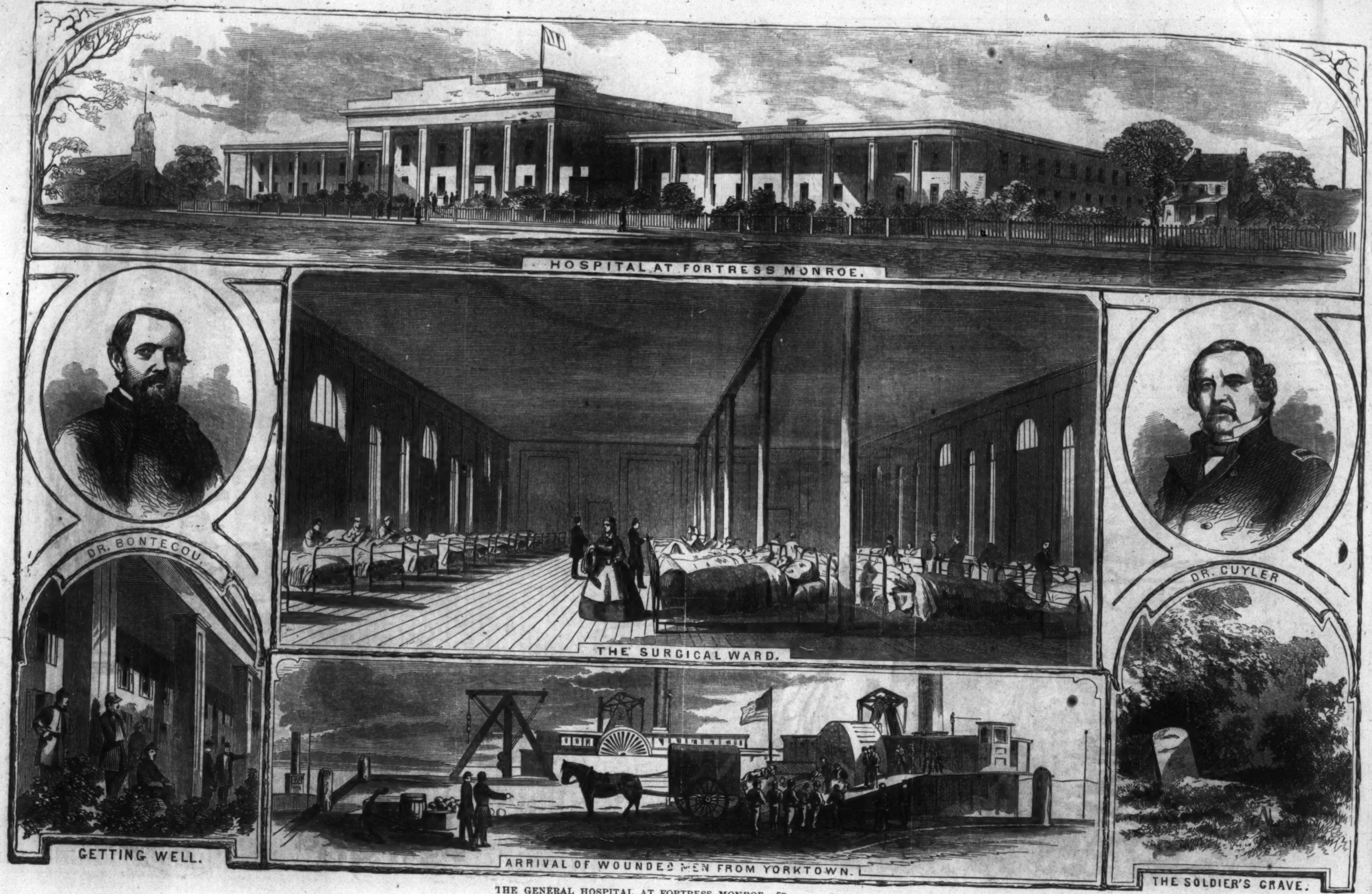
OUR ARMY IN THE SOUTHWEST.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 359.]



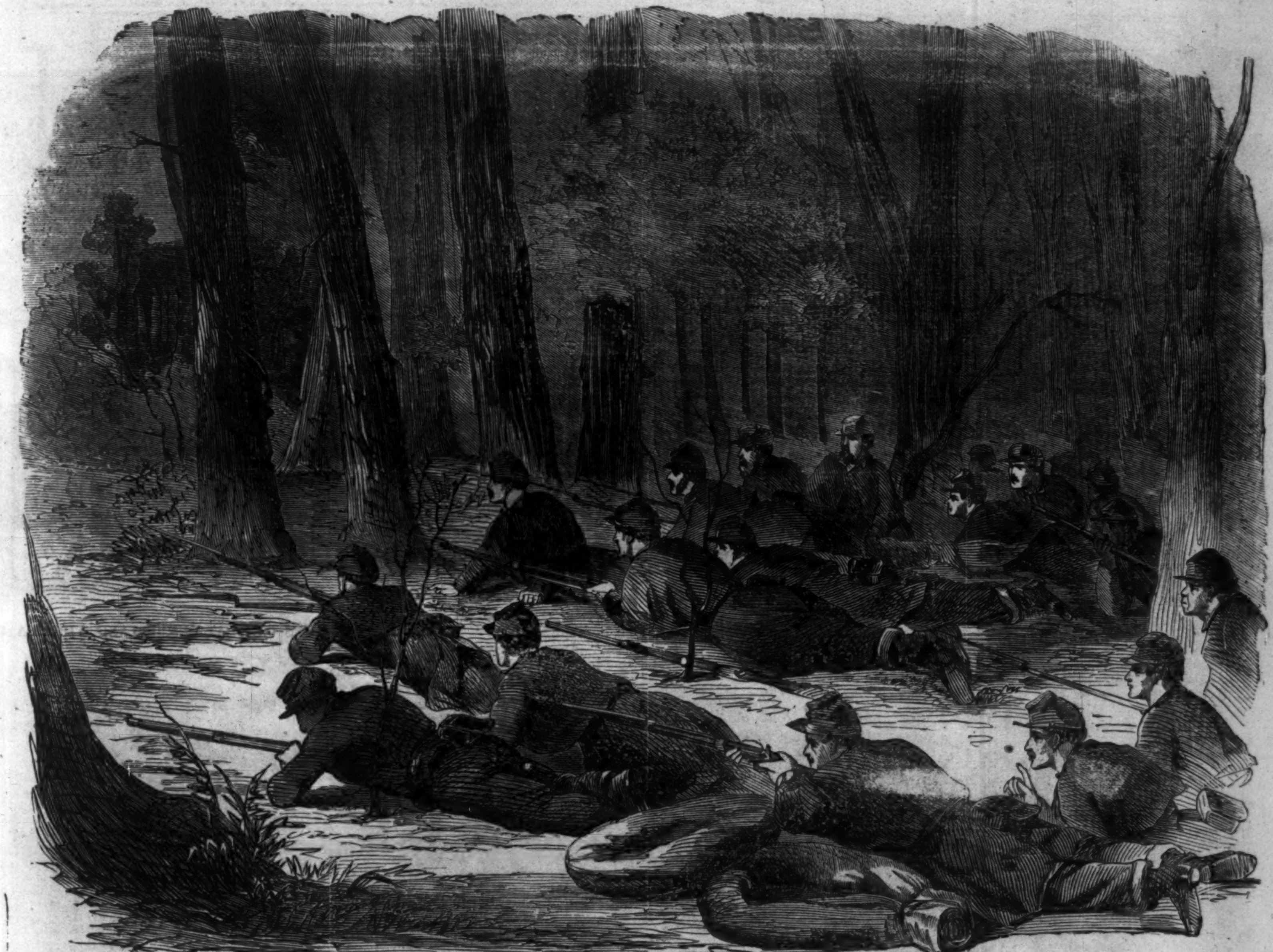
CORDUROYING ROADS TO CORINTH.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.—[SEE PAGE 359.]



GENERAL BUELL'S ARMY CROSSING LICK CREEK ON THE WAY TO CORINTH.—SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.—[SEE PAGE 359.]


HOSPITAL AT FORTRESS MONROE.
DR. BONTECOU.
THE SURGICAL WARD.
DR. CUYLER
GETTING WELL.
ARRIVAL OF WOUNDED MEN FROM YORKTOWN.
THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

THE GENERAL HOSPITAL AT FORTRESS MONROE.—[See next Page.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—OUR OUTLYING PICKET IN THE WOODS.—Sketched by Mr. W. Homer.

THE GENERAL HOSPITAL AT FORTRESS MONROE.

Our special artist at Fortress Monroe sends us a page of sketches of the General Hospital at that place. The upper sketch gives an extensive view of the building, which is the Hygeia Hotel, so celebrated and frequented only a short time ago. Mr. C. C. Willard, the proprietor, has given up the whole building excepting a very few rooms at one end for the purposes of the Hospital. The middle sketch is the immense dining-room of the hotel, now used as the surgical ward. Dr. John M. Cuyler, medical director of the Department of Virginia, is represented on the right, and Dr. R. B. Bontecou, who is in charge of this hospital, on the left of the picture. In the lower corners are shown the pleasant front portico of the building, a favorite lounging place for the convalescent, and to the left a soldier's grave. We have also a scene on the dock at the time of the arrival of a large number of wounded men from Ship Point.

GENERAL HALLECK'S ARMY.

We publish on pages 356 and 357 several pictures which illustrate the state of affairs in the Army of the Southwest, under General Halleck. They are from sketches by our artists, Messrs. Mosler and Simplot. The following bits from the *World* correspondence may serve to shed some light on the subjects of the pictures:

THE COUNTRY ROUND CORINTH.

The country around Corinth is of a rolling timbered land, sweeping in successive ridges and flat boggy hollows for miles in every direction. These latter make it a matter of difficulty to approach the place with artillery. The rebels have embraced a circuit of hills several miles in which they are encamped. The length of these works is estimated at nine miles, and they are reported to have several heavy siege pieces in position at the salient points. There is first an abatis of felled timber a mile from the guns, which, while it will present an obstacle to the passage of our lines, will present an admirable cover for our sharp-shooters. Beyond the timber is a rifle-trench, at a few hundred yards distance from the guns. Behind this breast-work it is thought the enemy's forces will be lodged after the place is invested. The inner line is a series of angles and bastions running from hill-top to hill-top, a heavy gun being placed to command every approach.

PREPARED FOR DISASTER.

That we may be prepared for any untoward occurrence, such as a stampede, a reverse, or an attempt on the part of the rebels to pierce our lines, our men have been engaged busily yesterday and to-day in erecting a strong line of breast-works formed of timber and branches covered with dirt, which are again masked so as to conceal them from the view of the enemy. The most commanding positions have been seized, the first line about eight miles from Corinth. With a cleared space in front and guns placed in commanding positions the enemy can not approach our line without being subjected to a murderous fire.

THE ROADS—MUD AND DUST.

But a few days since the mud was the great impediment to our progress. We are now at the other extreme. So far from being troubled with too much moisture, we have not enough to drink, much less for other purposes. Our men are digging for water, and the result is, a thick, whitish mixture of nauseous taste is all that can be had potable. Horses are ridden a mile to a muddy, stagnant pool, and not unfrequently the soldiers are reduced to the same extremity. Lemons and liquors are in great demand to render the water palatable.

HOSPITALS.

The hospital arrangements are proceeding on the scale commensurate with the expectations of a great battle. A large general hospital has been established at Monterey, in charge of the accomplished brigade surgeon, R. C. Metcalfe, of the Seventh Illinois, who is busy making ample arrangements for the reception of a great number of sufferers. Seven hundred tents, litters, stretchers, ambulances, medicines, and sanitary stores, are being collected in quantities, with a large medical staff. A competent force of the older surgeons, who have been under fire, will accompany the forces to the field, and there, doubtless, save many lives which might be lost by an hour's neglect. The most ample arrangements have been made for obtaining the names of the sufferers in the anticipated battle, and if the friends of such are disappointed, they must attribute the causes not to any want of attention on the part of journalists, but to the officers of the army, who are bound, like dull scholars, within the volume of army regulations, to the very great inconvenience of an anxious public.

MOVING FORWARD.

Tuesday, May 13.

The cry is still we come, O Corinth! We went back, picked up bag and baggage, swept off leftward, and now occupy a superb spot for camping four miles in direct line from Corinth. The swamp in front is an immense one; they can not cross it, or we, with artillery, except by the great corduroy highway that we have built—a thundering piece of architecture. Could hardly believe my eyes yesterday as I sauntered to the right of it. We occupy Farmington—pickets just beyond it. Rebel pickets and ours a half mile apart.

General Buell's batteries have seen probably less service than any others, but they contain some very superior guns; among them we saw the long Rodman guns, calculated to throw shells at least three miles. Besides these, the five heavy siege guns, which were of so much use in staying the advance of the rebels at Pittsburg, commanded by Captain Madison, have been moved forward by a team composed of six yokes of oxen attached to each.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We reproduce, on pages 353, 360, and 361, several sketches by our artist, Mr. A. R. Waud, illustrating the fortunes of the Army of the Potomac. One of them shows us The Union Troops going down into the Trenches with their Shovels to construct Parallels before Yorktown. M'Clellan, as General Scott has told us, is at home in the work of "trenching." He did so well at it that in one month he had pushed his parallels against Yorktown as far forward as the Allies pushed theirs before Sebastopol after eleven months labor. When the rebels "skedaddled" the last parallel was almost completed, and the assault was at hand.

Another picture shows us the famous Battery No. 1, composed of one and two hundred pound Parrott guns, the effect of whose practice scared the rebels so thoroughly. On the morning of 2d May this battery opened on a rebel battery situated on the heights of Yorktown, and very quickly silenced it. The rebels had never seen any thing like the 200-pounder projectiles from the Parrott gun, and asked their officers indignantly "if they were expected to stand such shots as that?"

A third picture shows us the Encampment of the Army of the Potomac at Cumberland, on the Pamunky River. It is a beautiful scene. A correspondent thus describes the agreeable surprise of our wearied troops as they approached it on their march from Williamsburg:

Just as I was preparing to give up the ghost from sheer exhaustion, and the troops were trudging along under their packs of baggage, beneath a scorching sun and amidst clouds of dust, which at times threatened to put an end to the march by destroying our powers of respiration, we reached the brow of a hill, and below us, upon a plain upon the banks of the river, lay spread before us a sight as beautiful as it was warlike. Two brigades lay in the field upon their arms, and long trains of wagons were finding their way along the serpentine road to the camp ground, and a perfect fleet of shipping lay moored in the stream, where twenty-four hours since floated the "rag of Secessia." The gun-boats had opened the way, and thus enabled our grand army to receive supplies which would have taken weeks to transport by land.

Another correspondent says:

The scenery all along the Pamunky, from its junction with the York River to the point to which the gun-boats ascended, is magnificent. Indeed I have seldom, if ever, seen any thing to equal it. The banks are usually high. In some places, quite frequently, too, these banks form bluffs from fifty to one hundred feet high. In others they slope gradually down to the water's edge. The river is comparatively narrow, yet wide enough and deep enough for the passage of any of our vessels. Its banks are beautified with innumerable cottages and buildings of more ambitious pretensions, each one surrounded by lawns and grounds beautifully laid out, and each one, doubtless, inhabited by people of comparative refinement, who must have sense enough to deplore the infatuation which has brought the scourge of war to their doors.

All along the banks of the river were seen herds of cattle and sheep, which had been collected by the rebels and driven thus far in their retreat from Yorktown.

The results of reconnoissances show that the road and water approaches to Richmond are open to within twelve or fifteen miles of that city, and that the enemy is in force beyond those points. The state of the roads is such that it will require some days to get the army up to those points. Ever since last Monday, now a week ago, the army has been moving from the neighborhood of West Point to this place, a distance of only about twenty miles. Yet steady progress has been made on each day. The nature of the soil is such that it is found necessary to construct military roads nearly the entire distance in order to transport the artillery and baggage-wagons. This work has been admirably performed by the engineer corps of General Daniel P. Woodbury, whose labors have been incessant. There are some spots in the roads, over swamps and ravines, where a mile a day is considered good progress. Let those who feel impatient at our slow progress toward Richmond remember this and be content.

On page 365 we give a fac-simile of the Cross-belt Plate of a private of the Massachusetts First indented by a Minié ball at the battle of Williamsburg. The ball penetrated the plate, but did not go through it, fortunately for the soldier.

Brigadier-General George Stoneman, whose portrait we publish on page 353, was born in this State in the year 1825. He graduated at West Point in July, 1846, and entered the First Dragoons as Second Lieutenant. He rose steadily in his profession, and when the war broke out was Captain. The resignation of Southern traitors facilitated his advancement, and in May, 1861, he became Major of the Fourth Cavalry. General M'Clellan realized his merit, and in September, 1861, he was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and given the command of all the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac. In the advance upon Richmond from Yorktown he has commanded the vanguard of the army, and conducted his column with judgment and vigor.

General Stoneman married last year a Baltimore belle.

On this page we reproduce a sketch by our artist, Mr. Homer, showing one of our Outlying Pickets on a Dark Night; and on page 364 we publish a vivid picture from a sketch by Mr. Meyer, showing the March of our Army through Mud and Thicket from Williamsburg toward Cumberland. Both these pictures explain themselves.

LOVE *VERSUS* BEAUTY.

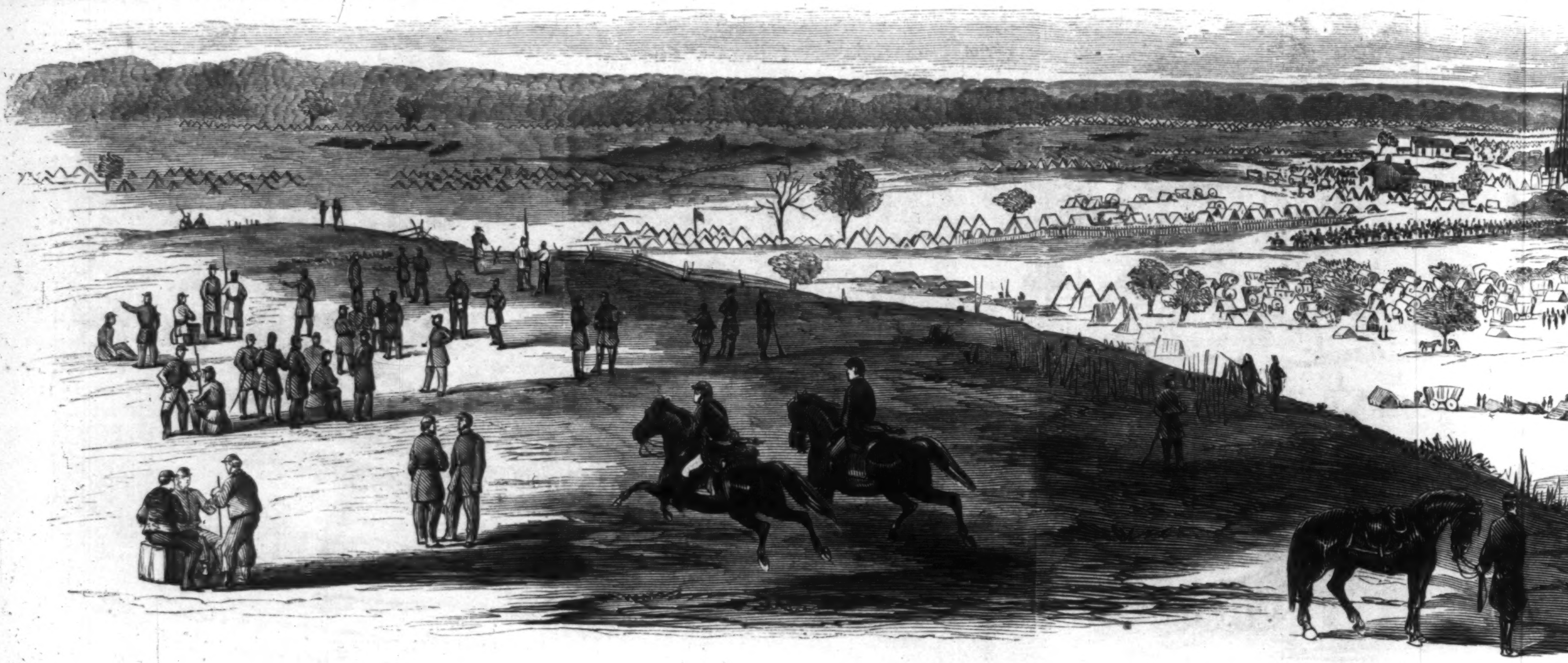
VERDICT FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

Love, perched one day
On an orange-spray,
Saw Beauty whiling
The time away,
In a bower of his own red roses,
"Ah!" chuckles he,
"Here's work for me!"
As he flies where the maid reposes.

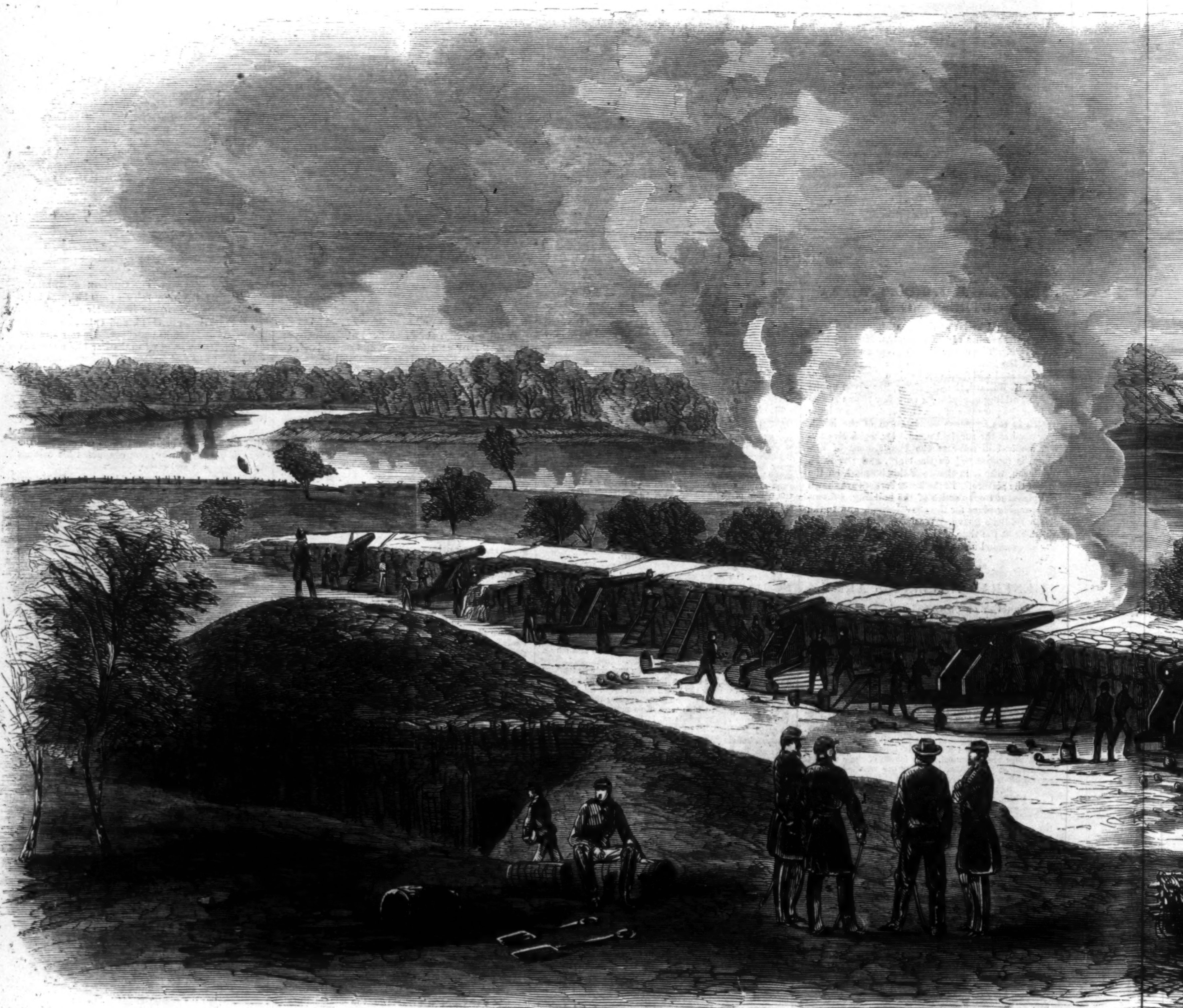
"How dare you stare,"
Quoth the lady fair,
"Strutting, and bridling,
And ogling there?
None of your pranks on me!
I'm up to your tricks and your plots, Sir, now!
And I *won't* believe your strongest vow,
So let *by-gones by-gones* be."

"Oh!" whimpered he,
"But you used to be
To my sacred rites
Such a devotee,
To all my lures a friend."
"Well, well," said she;
"Yes, that *may* be,
But it's '*never too late to mend.*'"

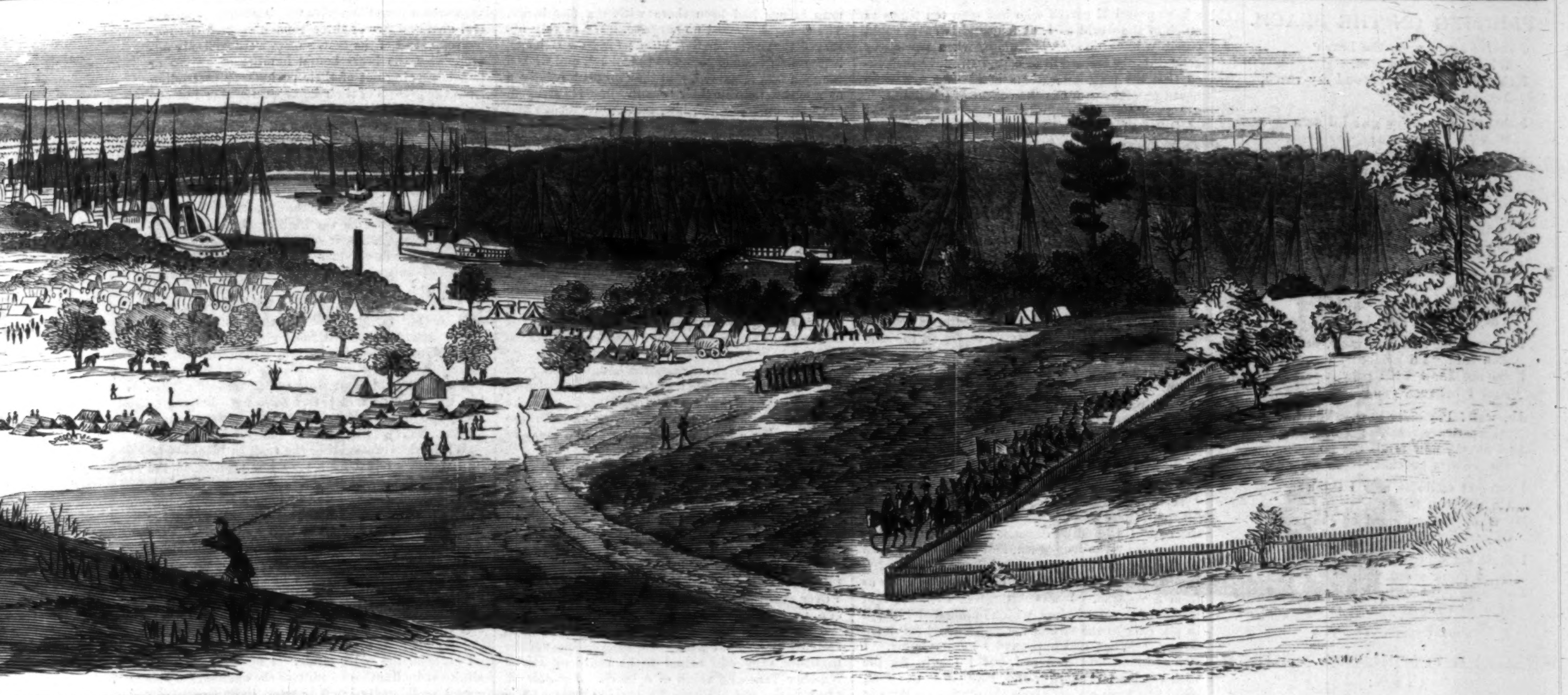
Then aloft he flew,
And his bright bow drew,
And the silver arrow
Went whistling true
To the roguish maiden's breast;
While she, blushing, laughed, with a well-feigned sigh,
"Come, it's no use fighting with *Destiny*,
And '*second thoughts are best!*'"



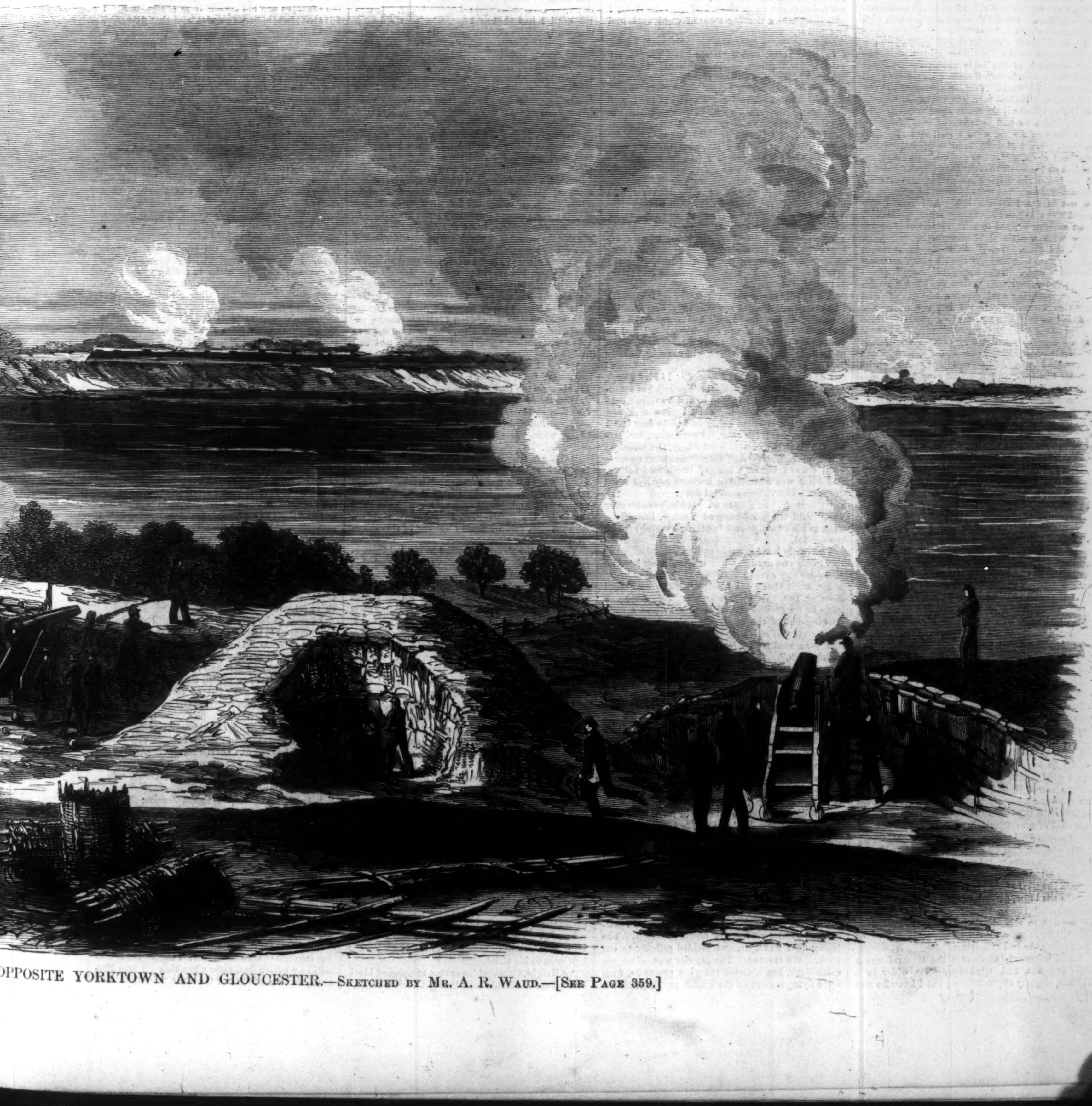
GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S CAMP AT CUMBERLAND, VIRGINIA, WITH A VIEW OF T



BATTERY NO. 1, OF ONE HUNDRED AND TWO HUNDRED POUNDER PARROTT GUNS, OPPO



OF THE PAMUNKY RIVER.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 359.]



OPPOSITE YORKTOWN AND GLOUCESTER.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 359.]

FLIRTING ON THE BEACH.

I STAND again upon the beach
Where first I saw you.
I thought you were beyond my reach,
Yet did adore you.

I thought that ev'ry girl I'd seen
Was far below you;
I looked upon you as my queen,
And longed to know you.

Day after day passed by—then came
The introduction;
And then began your little game—
Right rare destruction!

I see you now—your eyes—your curls:
You were so pretty;
So different from other girls.
The more the pity.

That evening that you wept, because
You said "I'd grieved you,
I did not know what pain it was!"
And I believed you!

Ah, well! I'm older now. You know
"Experience teaches;"
And flirting now is all the go
On sea-side beaches.

I can but smile as now I think
On my past folly;
My madness then stood on the brink
Of melancholy.

I shall not quite forget you—nay,
Shall think about you.
But, once forever, hear me say,
Can do without you.

WRECKED ON ISLAND NUMBER TEN.

"I CAN'T stand this any longer, Ned; I shall turn out and go on deck. This stifling heat is bad enough to bear without the stings of the confounded mosquitoes. I could as soon sleep in a kiln with a blister all over me."

I scrambled out of my berth and huddled on my clothes as well as the dim light would allow. The other occupant of the little cabin, my dear old friend and kinsman Ned Granger, merely yawned and stretched himself. Petty annoyances did not trouble him. He had been sleeping as contentedly as if the villainous little den of a cabin close to the engine, which we had been talked into hiring on board the *Van Buren*, were a cool and airy bed-chamber. We had both been outwitted by the steamboat clerk, a "smart citizen," who had assured us on his honor that the only disposable cabin left on board the Mississippi packet was a snug and pleasant one, free from bugs and cockroaches, and not in the least too hot. And now I was stewed and stung to the verge of fever, while Ned, whom nothing seemed to hurt, turned over on his pillow with a little sigh, murmuring, "Take it coolly, old chap. You'll forget the temperature and the gnats when we get to Cairo and have our breakfast ashore. Take it coolly."

I replied rather testily that I wished I could, but that, not being a salamander, I couldn't. And with this withering retort I left the cabin and stumbled on deck. The hurricane-deck of a Mississippi River steamer is a gay scene by day, but it had a melancholy and lonely look as I saw it in the feeble moonlight, bare and deserted. The pilot in his lofty wheel-house, intent upon the helm and the bearings, and a solitary deck-hand who filled the office of look-out, appeared to be the only human beings awake save myself. To be sure, from the hatchway of the engine-room there gushed at times a transient glare of dull crimson fire-light, and a pitch-black figure crossed the gleam, while a sound as of the dull roaring of a caged wild beast, told that the furnace had been supplied with fresh wood. It was very hot and sultry even in the air; but the atmosphere was endurable when compared with the oven-like oppression of the heat below. The mosquitoes were still troublesome, but I felt that I could bear their sharp stings better than when I lay in the close cabin.

I leaned over the side rail and gazed upon the yellow river, whose turbid waters stretched for an immense distance on either hand; the moon was new and pale, but I could make out the bold bluffs of the Tennessee shore, though the low-lying forest of the Missouri bank was hid in dark shadow.

"'Tis lonesome here, mister, ain't it?" drawled out a nasal voice at my elbow. I could not help starting.

"I didn't mean to skear you, Mr. Barham;" apologized the voice, which I now recognized as that of a passenger, General Jeremiah Flint, who had taken a fancy to Ned Granger and myself, and with whom we had struck up a traveling friendship. General Flint was a thorough-bred Yankee, one of those tall, lathy, dark-browed down-Easters who are found in active employment all over the Union. His complete history, of which he now and then favored us with piquant scraps, would have been very amusing even in print, and partook a good deal of the adventurous ups and downs in the career of Hajji Baba. Just now the General was at rather a low pitch of the social see-saw, being on board the boat in no more exalted capacity than that of traveling salesman to a "jobber" of dry goods at Philadelphia.

"It's kinder dull up here, but I couldn't sleep," said the new-comer; "I've got it happened home upon my mind to-night that mischief's on the brew."

"On the *what?*" said I, laughing.

"On the brew, Sir," answered the General very solemnly. "Young men like you, Mr. Barham, air too apt to ridicule the presentiments of their elders, but Jeremy Flint's no green-horn, and he don't relish the feel of matters."

I had observed before that the General was a little oracular, and, what may seem odder in a Yankee, slightly superstitious; but I knew he was a keen practical person who had seen ten times as much of the world as I, at four-and-twenty, could possibly have done. Therefore, when my queer acquaintance seemed ill at ease, I strongly suspected that his prognostications of coming evil were based on other grounds than those of sentiment.

"I'll let you know, mister, the long and short of it," said he, dropping his voice; "this *Van Buren* we're afloat in is an old craft, old and leaky, and clean wore out from her keelson to her b'iler, that's jest truth. The owners held a talk about giving her up, they did, a month ago, but old Barnabas Kyle, senior partner, said—hold on, she's good for a voyage or two, and if she breaks up, the fixings are no loss—let her rip!"

"Do you mean to say that the owners have permitted this boat to sail, knowing she was unsafe? If so, and harm happens, it is murder!"

The General nodded. "This child wishes he were in his boots, and his boots ashore, *he* does."

And he drummed the devil's tattoo on the side rail with his long bony fingers.

I asked whereabouts we were. I knew that Flint was familiar with every bend of the river.

"We're past New Madrid," he answered, scanning the shore line sharply; "and we're going mortal slow for all our puffing and straining. Let me see—that's Red Bluff on the Tennessee bank, and yon dark line on the larboard must be Island Number Ten."

As if the words had been the sounds of some fearful spell, there was at that instant a roar as loud as the roar of a hundred cannon, a crash of breaking timber and riven iron-work, and the deck was torn into splintered fragments, while fire, shattered beams, and scalding vapor, came spouting up as from a volcano. I was struggling with the cold waters of the Mississippi, which bubbled and hissed in my ears as the strong current sucked me down stream. What had happened I hardly knew. I was stunned and deafened, but I fought for life with mechanical energy, and, being able to swim, could just keep myself above the surface. My wet clothes and boots embarrassed me, and the stream was too strong to be resisted; but just as I felt myself being swept away like a leaf upon the river, I jostled against a floating mass of wood-work and clutched it.

"Give me your fingers, whoever you air," cried a familiar voice, and a strong hand caught my wrist. "Mr. Barham, by all that's airthly! Wa'al, I'm glad to see you alive. Get hold of the beam and scramble up where I am."

General Flint assisted me to crawl to the top of the floating timber, where he sat at ease, with his feet dangling in the water.

"'Tain't first time this child has seen a b'iler bust. Apple quiltings, I thought it would be a final smash! The notions I was taking back to Philadelphia were all well insured, that's one comfort, and my notes are in my waistband."

"Boiler burst! Then the boiler *did* burst, and we are alone! The rest of us? Ned Granger?"

"There's not much moon, but you may make out the hull of the steamer afloat yet," said the Yankee, "what's left of her, adrifting like a floating coffin. If there's any living human being aboard her, drowning will be welcome, after the misery they're in, I guess. The water and steam did scald, I reckon!"

A dull pain in my hands attracted my notice. I looked down and could see that they were swollen and red. I remember that I had grasped the side rail at the moment of the explosion, and I had no doubt that I had been partially injured by the dash of heated water, from which Flint seemed wholly to have escaped.

I do not recollect what followed. I heard Flint's voice very indistinctly—a mere humming of meaningless words—and I rocked to and fro from weakness. My brain reeled. Then I grew sick and faint, and I remember being in deadly fear lest I should tumble off the spar. I remember, too, trying to call to my companion for help, but failing to speak intelligibly. And then I remember no more until I was lying on a heap of brushwood ashore, and Flint was insinuating between my lips some drops of whisky from a metal flask.

"Cheer up, you'll do now. It kinder came over you," said the good-natured Yankee, lifting the flask to his own lips and imbibing several sups of the cordial.

I gave his hand a feeble squeeze.

"I owe you my life; but where are we? And Ned—are any saved?"

Mr. Flint shook his head. "We're on Island Number Ten, that's where *we* air. Jest after you gave in we grounded, and I got a grip of a snag sticking out of the mud, and we're on dry airth again. If you're strong enough, mister, we'd best look for a shelter, for 'tain't wholesome to lie out so far south."

I was bruised and weak, and my hands were very painful, but I could walk pretty well. We made our way across a sort of swampy meadow, the General talking rapidly and continually, in his kindly wish to divert my thoughts from the sad fate of my gallant cousin. I gathered from him that the island had no permanent inhabitants, but was occasionally frequented by ferry-men, flatmen, and others, at the particular seasons when their trades were in full activity. General Flint scarcely fancied that we should find any living possessors of this dreary spot; but he made no doubt we should discover some log-house in tolerable repair where we could pass the night.

"And in the mornin', mister, we'll signal a steamboat and get picked off. No fear of our playin' Robinson Crusoe too long here, I guess. We'll have a banyan breakfast, but our appetite for dinner will be a caution to alligators. Ah! here's a con-venient location."

In effect we were on the threshold of a large and substantial log-house, behind which we could dimly discern the outlines of other buildings. The heavy door was ajar, and yielded sullenly to our push. We entered. The interior was, of course, quite dark, but a feeble red glow proceeded from some dying embers on the hearth, proving that human beings had been there within a few hours. The General showed no surprise. He merely observed that a timber flat, bound for New Orleans, had probably run aground on the island, and wished the men had remained, that they might have given us a cast ashore in their broadhorn. He stooped, blew the embers to a glow, laid on dry brush and fresh wood, and soon the hut was illuminated by a cheery glare. It was large, in good repair, and contained an old table of unbarked wood, and several broken barrels which had probably served for seats. There were shelves nailed up, but they were empty, nor were any provisions visible. But in an inner recess, half partitioned off from the larger apartment, were several heaps of brushwood and flowery grasses; beds not to be despised when mattresses and pillows were out of the question. I do not suppose that Jeremiah Flint had ever heard of the French proverb, *qui dort, dine*, but he showed some sagacity in remarking that when asleep our foodless and comfortless state would be less vexatious.

"Pull some o' them sassafras boughs over your face, mister; that's the way to cheat the skeeturs," said he; "we'll have a good long nap, and wake up in time to hoist a handkercher on one of those hemlocks down by the water-side. If a steamer don't see it a flat-boat may."

I lay still a few moments and then rolled restlessly from side to side. My nerves were strung to a painful tension, and my brain was too active to allow sleep to visit me. The accident with all its horrors, rather imagined than actually seen, was ever before my eyes; but it seemed unreal and unnatural, a vivid nightmare rather than a sad reality. Poor Ned Granger, too! Where should I ever again in life find such a friend as that early one, now lost?

How long I mused I can not tell, but I was startled by a sound which broke the stillness of the night—a very odd sound to be heard on Island Number Ten—the neigh of a horse. I shook off my reverie, and half raised myself to listen. The sound was not renewed, but so sure was I that it had been no cheat of fancy that I determined to rouse my companion and solve the doubt. It was not until I had shaken Flint, who was a heavy sleeper, that he woke up, grumbling.

"Jerusalem, mister, what's afloat? Not a b'ar swum across, sure-ly."

"No," said I, rather ashamed, "only the neighing of a horse close at hand."

"Unpossible—couldn't be! There's no horse beasts here. What should they be doing on the island? You must have been dreaming, Mr. Barham."

The General yawned and sank back into the pile of brushwood, nor was it long before his heavy breathing announced that he was fast asleep. I was far from convinced, but I was puzzled; imagination, I knew, does often play us strange tricks. Besides, was it not possible that a horse had neighed on shore, on either the left or right bank, and that my ear, perhaps unusually acute after the excitement of the night, had caught and exaggerated the distant sound? I pondered yet a while, but I was weary; gradually my nerves relaxed, my eyelids became heavy, and I sank into deep slumber. Not so deep, however, but that my dreams were stirring and various, changing like the shifting patterns of a kaleidoscope. One dream was particularly distinct. I have forgotten it now, but I know that a conversation between ideal personages attracted my fullest attention, and that by degrees this conversation grew more and more real and audible.

"I don't care a cuss how it kept alight," said some one; "jist clap on a kipple more sticks, and I'll blow up the kindlers."

Directly afterward I heard the familiar noise—familiar, at least, to one fresh from prairie travel—of somebody blowing the embers of a fire into a blaze, while the sharp crackle of burning wood succeeded.

"Where's Stone's, marm?" asked some one else, in a high cracked voice, that contrasted with the deep tones of the first speaker; "where's the old critter got to, I admire! I'm as starved, for one, as any wolf, and there's never a scrap to eat until she briles the meat. Ten hours' work makes a man peckish, and we must clear out of this before day."

Vaguely the thought dawned in my half-unconscious mind that I was no longer asleep, and that the words I heard were real words, spoken by beings of flesh and blood. I opened my eyes. The larger compartment of the log-house was suffused with dull red light, which brightened into a clearer glow as the wood, heaped on the fire with a lavish hand, caught the ascending blaze. Around this fire were grouped five or six men, most of whom wore the red flannel shirts and coarse homespun of the regular Mississippi working garb, though one was in a suit of rusty black, of city make. Several more dark figures hovered about the open door-way, going and coming, bringing bags and barrels, which were received by two of the men within. Boatmen, thought I, who had probably put in for a safe haven when benighted on the rapid and dangerous river. I was preparing to accost them, when a shrill neighing, unmistakably that of a horse this time and close by, was answered as shrilly and distinctly by an equine companion.

"Darn them brutes! pinch their nostrils, you loafing dunces! or if a steamer goes by the place will be blown upon," said a deep and fierce voice from the hut. And a man whom I had not observed, sprung up from a sitting posture and strode across the illuminated space. I rubbed my eyes and cautiously raised myself on my elbow.

The last speaker was of gigantic stature, with a fell of shaggy black hair tumbling on the collar of his red woolen shirt; his face was a stern and forbidding one, like that of some robber soldier in a Flemish picture; he wore a pistol and a bowie-knife, ostentatiously displayed in the black leather belt around his waist.

"All right, Captain! 'twar that rampaging black beast, Jem Hudson's colt, that got loose a minit," answered a man from without; and very soon several men and two or three women entered the log-house. Most of the new-comers were ruffianly figures, with the brass bound handles of knives or pistols peeping out of their pockets, or protruding from the breasts of their homespun coats; but one or two had the air of educated men, though their keen faces showed traces of evil passions and evil habits. One old man—he must have been more than sixty—was well dressed in the unpretending garments of a respectable Western farmer, and his weather-beaten but mild face contrasted with the ferocity and recklessness of the countenances around him. The man with the high cracked voice, who wore a town-made suit of dilapidated broadcloth, accosted this new-comer as Mr. Stone, and asked if his wife intended to give the company any supper or not?

"The missis is comin' in: you'd best ask her," said the old farmer, philosophically lighting his pipe. Mrs. Stone, a tall, bony virago, here bustled forward to answer for herself, which she did by telling the hungry querist that he was "a greedy, cowardly, troublesome, turkey-buzzard of a Yankee, and that he had better have been helping to cache the horses and unload the boats than calling for food, as if he was in some fine city hotel."

While thus upbraiding the man in black—who indeed seemed to hold a very low position in the esteem of his comrades—Mrs. Stone bustled furiously to and fro, and before long a great frying-pan, full of pieces of pork, was sputtering on the fire, while several junks of beef and venison were broiling on impromptu spits made of ramrods stuck in the soft clay of the floor. Mrs. Stone was aided in these culinary processes by a pretty, modest-looking girl of eighteen, whose pale, sad face looked out of keeping with the place and company, and whom I discovered to be her eldest daughter. A younger girl, about fourteen years of age, looked on from the outer circle. I no longer felt the slightest inclination to address the members of this group, and hardly knew in what light to consider them. I could form no guess as to their calling or object, but I instinctively cowered down among the branches and hid myself from observation. I felt that something was amiss, and that discovery might lead to awkward results. General Flint was asleep, but I feared that every moment he might awake and utter some exclamation, while it was always possible that his heavy breathing might draw the attention of some sharp-eared member of the band. Some of the party had seated themselves on barrels or logs, with every sign of fatigue, but the rest stood watching the pork as it bubbled in the pan, and the steaks browning before the fierce fire. Several voices were speaking at once, and I only caught unconnected scraps of the talk.

"Jem Hudson was terrible riled. He set such a vally on that colt. If his gun hadn't had too much powder in it this child would have been a gone coon, I guess."

"I think Hiram Stout's a deal uglier than Jem. He owes us a grudge, he does. I reckon Tennessee's gettin' too hot to hold us."

"Keep your opinion till it's axed for, greenhorn," said the big man who had been addressed as captain, and who spoke in a tone of bullying authority. "This nigger don't need a Pennsylvany chicken to tell him when a melon-squash is squeezed dry."

"Here's your victuals ready, and no lady in Illinoy State could have fixed 'em better, nor yet slicker!" exclaimed Mrs. Stone in an argumentative manner, as if to challenge contradiction. But nobody picked up the gauntlet. A circle was formed, some walnut-wood platters and pewter pannikins were produced from a hiding-place, the company drew their bowie-knives, and Mrs. Stone carried round the frying-pan, in order that every one might help himself; while her two daughters followed, one with the steaks still stuck upon the iron-tipped ramrods, the other with some lumps of "corn-bread" in a basket.

It was at this moment that I felt my wrist cautiously grasped by a set of long, lean fingers, and could hardly repress an exclamation, when, looking round, I saw that Jeremiah Flint was awake, and had risen to a kneeling position, keeping at the same time well behind the screen of brushwood.

"It's well I woke. We're in a fix, mister, we air." I looked round. I could see by the faint light that my companion's resolute face was very pale. "Very bad this—wuss than scalding water, mebbe; we've got into the den of a grizzly, mister; and if we carry our scalps out we may be thankful a few."

I began to be seriously alarmed. I was yet in ignorance as to the true character of those on whose bounds we seemed to be unwitting trespassers, but I knew that Flint, who had spent years in the wild West, had a stout heart, and that his apprehensions were not likely to be roused without reason.

"I know more than one of 'em, Mr. Barham," whispered the General; "that tall fish-rod of a man in the tail-coat comes from Concord, Massachusetts; he was a regular penitentiary bird, he was. That German rogue in the cap is Fritz Vogel, who was nigh hanged at Chicago last fall. And—may I never!—but that big chap in the red shirt—the Captain—turns out to be Black Dave."

"Black Dave?"

"Ay, Black Dave, or David Jossam, the most e-tarnal thief! Famous for stealing horses, coining bogus dollars, robbing stores, and breaking out of prison. Last time I saw him was at Little Rock, Arkansas, under trial, and but for a rogue of a lawyer—"

Here my friend's reminiscences were cut short by the abrupt question, put by a gentleman whose mouth was very full, and who had a huge clasp-knife in one hand and a pound or two of beef in the other: "Captain Dave, when are we to paddle over with them hosses?"

"We'll see about it," answered the chief. "Some one must go over to scout fust. I expect the brutes will be a nation deal safer when they git into Missouri, and out of sight of the river."

These words were a revelation. The General pressed my elbow. "They're horse-thieves, mister."

This announcement of the quality of our unconscious hosts was by no means calculated to dissipate my apprehensions. I listened nervously enough to an animated debate which now ensued among the members of the gang as to the propriety of hurrying over the stolen horses to the Missouri shore, or of lying concealed for some days, until the first fury of the pursuers should be baffled and spent. Opinions varied. The only person of the male sex who took no part in the argument was the old farmer-looking man whom I had heard addressed as Mr. Stone. He sat quiet, having finished his meal and resumed his pipe, and we could see nothing but his respectable-looking gray head and the silvery wreaths from his soapstone meerschaum, inasmuch as his face was toward the outer door. Mrs. Stone, his better half, took an active part in council, urging a stay on the island, since there had been "nothing but scurrying here and stampeding there for weeks, and her darters were worrited and worn out with it." It was curious, but this notable woman's character appeared little if at all changed by lawless companionship and outlaw life. In the midst of robbers she was still the shrewish, hard-working housewife, and I could see no remorse written on her parchment cheeks. With her daughters it was different. The eldest was evidently melancholy and ill at ease. She sat a little apart, never replied save with a monosyllable to any remark or rough compliment, and her downcast eyes and colorless face told of regrets and scruples that her mother did not share. The younger girl showed the same mental condition, but in a minor degree. Her answers were short, but pert, and she occasionally exploded into a giggle at some jocular sally of the Massachusetts man or the German, who were the wits of the assembly. But one glance from her sister's sad, dark eyes checked her rising spirits, and she subsided into gloom again. We listened with considerable interest to a discussion which materially affected our safety; but over which we could exercise no influence whatever. We gathered from the discourse that another hut existed not far off, which was assigned to the Stone family, but that the rest of the association had no residence on the island save the log-house in which we were concealed, and no couches but those heaps of brush and flowering grasses on which we were growing fearfully uneasy. The horses, we also learned, were hidden hard by in a cache dug where the scrub grew thickest, and which was effectually masked from careless eyes by a sort of broad trap-door of osier work and sassafras boughs. Here it was customary to conceal them—they were all stolen from owners in Tennessee—until an opportunity occurred for transporting them to Bolivar or Greenville, in Missouri, where certain accomplices of the band resided, and whence they were sent to St. Louis to be sold to emigrants bound for California.

Very unwillingly did we thus acquire possession of the secrets of those desperate men, every fresh admission or unguarded word serving to increase our danger, until at last we heard with dismay the final award of Black Dave, the captain.

"We'll jest stop. This location's good, and nobody knows of it [we trembled], and, as Marm Stone says, the gals are tired some, and we'd all be the better of rest. So we'll jest keep close for a few days, and then absquatilate with the hosses, and scurry for Bolivar."

There was a growl of assent, overtopped by the shrill voice of Mrs. Stone, who clamorously expressed her approval. I glanced at the General's face. It was white but firm; and the compressed lips and brightening eye told of a new resolve.

"It's a bitter pill, Sir, 'tis, but we must gulp it," he whispered; "we must give ourselves up, and the sooner the better. It will go harder with us if we were found cached than if we come out bold."

This was logical, but startling. I demurred for an instant, suggesting the possibility of our making our way out at the back of the cabin by cutting a hole with our knives in the comparatively thin roof. But our deliberations were unexpectedly cut short. Up to this time the party had contented themselves with eating and reposing, but now a huge can of water and some lemons and sugar, and some fresh sprigs of mint were produced, and a cry was set up for whisky.

"Where did you stow away the stone jars with the Monongahela, Marm Stone?"

Mrs. Stone replied that the jars were "under the brush of the beds," and bade the Massachusetts man fetch them. He rose at once, took up a pine torch, lighted it, and advanced. "Now," cried Jeremiah, rising to his feet, and we both stepped out into the lighted circle, causing the startled bearer of the torch to drop the blazing brand in his surprise.

"Dog-gon it all," yelled one of the gang, "the Philistines are on us!"

With wild shouts and curses the ruffians scrambled up and clutched their weapons.

"Hurroo, boys, it's only two spy varmints!" thundered Black Dave, who was really a bold villain; "kim back, you down-East coward, you! And you Dutch cur (for the Massachusetts man and the German were already in full retreat); they air but two, and without weepons."

When they were certain of this last reassuring fact, the more timorous of the robbers became almost beyond restraint in their blood-thirsty fury. Pistols and bowie-knives menaced us on every side, and it was with some trouble that the Captain prevented our summary extermination. Black Dave, however, was firm. By his orders our wrists were tightly bound together with handkerchiefs, and we were placed in the centre of a circle of hostile faces and threatening revolvers, and bidden to confess.

"Speak up, ye skunks, who air ye?"

In answer to this query, the General gave a succinct and graphic account of the steamboat accident, of our escape and immersion, of our landing on the island, and of how we happened to fall asleep in the log-house and become the involuntary auditors of the robbers' council, though this point was rather lightly touched upon. A fellow of fierce incredulity answered this statement.

"Cut out the lyin' snake's tongue!" bawled one.

"Murder 'em both, the oily spoken, slippy-skinned Yankee eels!" cried another, flourishing his glittering knife within an inch of my nose, while two pistol barrels were pressed to the forehead of the unflinching Jeremiah.

"Hold a bit, gentlemen," said Black Dave. "Out with the truth, ye skulking crawlers! Who sent you? Air ye State police, or mere informers? You, specially, with the Connecticut phiz and satin waistcoat. Hevn't I seen your ugly features before? What's your name?"

"I dare say you have seen me before. I am General Jeremiah Flint, of New England, and I ain't ashamed of parentage nor raising," replied the General.

There was a murmur. Three or four of those present knew the General by repute or by sight. The Massachusetts man observed that "Flint was a hypocrite, that passed for doing things on the square." The German abused him for a "schelm," who had ill-treated an acquaintance of his at Memphis; which accusation afterward resolved itself into the fact that Flint had broken the arm of a bully who tried to gouge him. Two other men had heard that Flint was "a cute chap," and had been soft-hearted enough to help more than one person they had known, and who had been ruined and half-starved in the South.

All this time Black Dave, with an ominous frown on his dark brows, had stood toying with the lock of his revolver, making the hammer play up and down between his strong fingers, and tapping the bullets that lay in each charged chamber. Presently he fixed his keen eyes on the steady eyes of the principal captive. I say principal, because I attracted little or no attention, being quite unknown.

"Last time we met," said Dave, deliberately, "you and me, Jeremiah Flint, you sat on the bench along with the sheriff and the squires, and I stood in the dock. Now times air altered. I am judge now, and by all that's airthly I'll hev justice. You say you're no spy. That meb be true; but how if we let you go to the next town—"

"You'll never be such a 'tarnal fool, Captain," said a by-stander.

I took the opportunity of eagerly and solemnly assuring the outlaw that he had nothing to fear from our indiscretion. We would be silent, until silence could no longer be necessary.

"Shut your mouth," said Dave, roughly, and instantly resumed. "Gineral, you must die. It goes agin me to kill in cold blood, but it's our law, and unless we'd all be strung up to trees by the Reg'lators of Tennessee, we must silence you for sartin." Dave lifted his pistol, and pointed it at the forehead of poor Flint, who gave a slight shudder, and then stood firm.

"I'll settle the other sneak," said a brawny boatman, cocking his revolver, and grasping my collar.

"I'll count twenty, slow," said Dave. "If you've got religion, you can mumble a prayer; and you, too, young chap, for when I get to twenty I crook my claw."

The boatman's pistol was pressed to my ear. The muzzle felt icy cold, like the touch of Death's hand. My arms were bound, and all resistance impossible.

"One," began Dave.

The face of old Stone was contorted for a moment, as by a twinge of pain, and he let his pipe go out, unheeded, but said nothing. The girls were sobbing in a corner, and Mrs. Stone was apparently urging them, in a whisper, to withdraw.

The robber Captain continued to count, "two, three, four, five."

Such a scream! Mary Stone broke from her mother who sought to detain her, threw herself on her knees at Black Dave's feet, and began to beg our lives with an incoherent energy and a passionate sobbing and outpouring of words that it was painful to hear. This girl, usually so quiet and depressed, was now fully roused by the horror of the cruel deed about to be done. She wept and clung to Dave's brawny arm, and supplicated for mercy; mixing her entreaties with broken Scriptural phrases and incautious censures on the lawless life and pursuits of the band. But the chief, though startled, was not softened. He shook off the weak hands that grasped his.

"Marm Stone, take off your darter, and leave me to settle accounts with the spy. Men ain't to be twisted round, like milksops, by a useless screechin' gal. You've made me lose my count, young one, but I'll pick it up by guess. *Twelve!*"

But scarcely had he leveled the weapon when Mrs. Stone advanced and boldly beat it down.

"I've been a puzzlin' my brains," said the virago, "to recklect the man, and if he's him I think, he sha'n't die. None of your ugly frowns at me, Cap.; Bessy Stone's not the woman to be frit by black looks. Warn't you, Jeremiah Flint, once the actuary chap of the Boston Argus Life and Fire Company?"

"Yes I was," said Flint.

"Of course!" sneered the German, maliciously.

"We'll prove that," returned Mrs. Stone. "'Tis long years agone, but can you remember going to a village, nigh Lexington, to see a farm-house and barns belonging to a farmer that had been burned out, and the comp'ny suspected 'twar done a purpose, and were shy to pay the policy thing?"

"Stay a moment," said Flint, pondering; "the farmer's name was Burke, and the village was Brentsville, Massachusetts."

"All right!" screamed the audacious virago, positively wrenching the revolver from between Dave's murderous fingers; "one good turn deserves as good, and as sure as my name's Bessy Stone, and was Bessy Burke, the man that saved my old dad from being ruined, root and branch, sha'n't be shot dog fashion—and you, Stone, if you're a man, you'll say so too."

The old farmer, who had evidently the highest reverence for his wife's judgment, rose from his seat, picked up the rifle that had lain beside him, and composedly sounded the barrel with the tough ramrod.

"The bit of lead's in its place!" he said, in his phlegmatic way, and stood still, but ready for action. A violent quarrel ensued; oaths, threats, and hard words were freely bandied to and fro; but four of the least villainous-looking of the gang took the side of mercy, and Mrs. Stone's dictum obviously carried great weight with it. Her bitter tongue and the masculine energy of her character had made her a potentate in the association; while her husband, though slow of wit, was known to be a brave man and a first-rate judge of a horse. The end of the matter was, that our lives were spared, but that it was decided that we should be kept prisoners until the evacuation of the island. We were accordingly placed in a sort of underground magazine, where forage was stored, and within a few inches of the pit in which the horses were concealed, and to which access was obtained by a drawbridge of stout planking.

Our bonds were slackened, but not removed, and we were made to give our parole not to attempt to escape until the horse-thieves should quit the island. Mrs. Stone, to whose capricious gratitude we owed our lives, was not unkind to us in her rugged way, and she and her daughters supplied us with food and blankets, and sometimes deigned to descend and converse with us, besides lending us one or two well-thumbed books, which constituted the family library. In the course of these conversations the apparent enigma of the connection between the Stones, who seemed decent folks, and the utter villains who composed the gang, was solved. Old Stone had been a hard-working farmer in Illinois, illiterate, but respectable and honest in deed and thought. Unluckily he had invested his hard-earned savings and the price of his own farm in the purchase of a tempting bargain of landed property, with a fatal flaw in the title. The knavish vendor had fled, and the honest dupe, assailed by a lawsuit, had been stripped of all, and had found himself a beggar. Unhappily Mrs. Stone was a woman of strong will and a warped and one-sided judgment. She passionately declared that as the law had robbed them of their earnings, the law was their enemy, and a mere device for oppression. Anger blinded her; she was ashamed to live poor where she had been well to do, and in the cities of the South the exiled family soon picked up associates whose whole life was one war with society.

It was impossible to make Mrs. Stone comprehend that she was really a transgressor in sharing the perils and profits of wholesale plunder. She had got to regard all judges, governors, lawyers, and men of reputed honesty, as rogues, in league to pillage the simple; and she considered the work in which the horse-thieves were engaged as reprisals and warfare. Her husband, long used to obey the shrewd and violent woman who had attained such dominion over him, only saw through his wife's eyes. I believe the couple had some vague idea of buying land in Oregon or California, and setting up "on the square," when they should be rich enough—a hope which has lured on many a half reluctant criminal. The daughters, on the other hand, less prejudiced and better taught, since they had picked up some instruction in a tolerable school in Chicago, saw nothing but misery and degradation in the companionship to which they were condemned. They passed their lives in sighing over the old days and the innocence of their life in Illinois, and never willingly exchanged a word with the outlaws.

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Barham," said the General to me one day, "I'd like to give a lift out of the mire to them Stones. They've saved the lives of us both, for gospel truth, and my head aches to think of their bein' caught one day, the old man hung, the woman locked up for life, and the daughters driven out to come to want, or worse. I'm not rich, no more, I suspect, air you; but land's not dear up in Oregon, nor yet in Californey, and between us we might buy 'em a farm, and let 'em live honest, and repent when grace was borne in upon 'em. A farm would be jest heaven to 'em, and three thousand dollars would buy and stock it in a small way."

I willingly agreed, and we quietly settled with Mary Stone, who was wild with joy at the idea, that a certain sum should be lodged, two months hence, in a certain bank, in her name. She agreed that it was best to communicate this to her mother after the migration of the band. This was soon to occur. We had been prisoners for a fortnight, when one morning we were informed that a general flitting was at hand, and our release imminent.

With much snorting and trampling the horses were led up from the cache, and embarked on board two flat-boats, which were to be towed across by two broadhorns, while a third followed with the rest of the party. Dawn was just breaking, no steamer was in sight, no wreath of filmy wood-smoke was on the horizon. Once on the Missouri bank, safety would be easily secured, since the depredations had been confined to Tennessee. We were allowed to come out of our prison, and found ourselves, blinking like owls in the daylight, on the margin of the turbid water. The first flat-boat, full of horses, was towed off by a broadhorn pulling six oars. The two girls and their father were in the stern-sheets, but Mrs. Stone lingered, lest the German or Black Dave might do us, as she said, "a mischief at parting." But the Captain was in good-humor. He patted us on the back, laughing heartily, and advised us to "stick to Broadway pavement and Philadelphy park, onst we got there."

The last horses were embarked, and the rowers of the broadhorn settled themselves on the benches and grasped their oars. "All aboard, quick, boys!"

"Stay," said Black Dave, looking round, "where's that Massachusetts bird?"

Nobody knew. One said he was in the first boat. Another denied this. No one had seen him since the previous evening. Black Dave ground his teeth, and muttered a deep curse.

"He's deserted, the cur! To git the reward them Reg'lators offered!"

"He's stole the third broadhorn. It's gone!" cried a panting scout, running up. There was a moment of suspense, then a rush, and the remaining boat was so crowded that it was sunk gunwale deep in the water. The Captain, rifle in hand, stood up in the stern-sheets.

"Pull all! I hear the dip of oars!"

Flash! went the six oars into the water, and off went the heavily-laden boat, towing the flat with the horses. The progress was necessarily slow. But a few yards had been gained before a loud outcry proved that the island was invaded. We were still standing on the shore, waving our hands to Mrs. Stone, whose hard face had relaxed into a smile, and who seemed heedless of the danger.

"Hurrah! Bang at 'em, boys—there the villains air!" bawled fifty voices, and a crowd of armed men in gayly-fringed hunting-shirts or homespun suits, well armed, came at a run through the bushes. "Down!" cried Flint, throwing me to my knees and stooping himself, just in time to escape death, as the rifle-balls whizzed over us. I looked up. I saw Black Dave drop on his knees, fire his gun, rise again, stagger, and finally roll over into the river mortally wounded by the discharge. No one else was hit. Cutting the tow-rope and crouching down as much as possible, the outlaws managed to escape further harm, and, abandoning their plunder, reached the Missouri shore.

We were at first roughly handled, and were even in some danger of being promptly hanged or shot by order of Judge Lynch, when two witnesses to character came forward. One, on whom we looked with disgust, was the treacherous scoundrel who had betrayed the rest of the gang for gold; the other, wonder of wonders, was—Ned Granger, who caught me in his arms and hugged me like a bear!

"Dear Ned, I thought you were dead."

"That's exactly what I thought of you, Barham, dear old boy, and of the General there. No, I was very little hurt, and was able to help the other uninjured passengers in caring for those poor creatures who were scalded or torn by the explosion. Every house is like a hospital. Ah! it was a shocking business. But though unhurt, you see, I had lost my luggage and money in the crash, and this honest farmer here has taken care of me these last weeks. So I came to help him to get back his stolen nags, little thinking whom I should find on Island Number Ten."

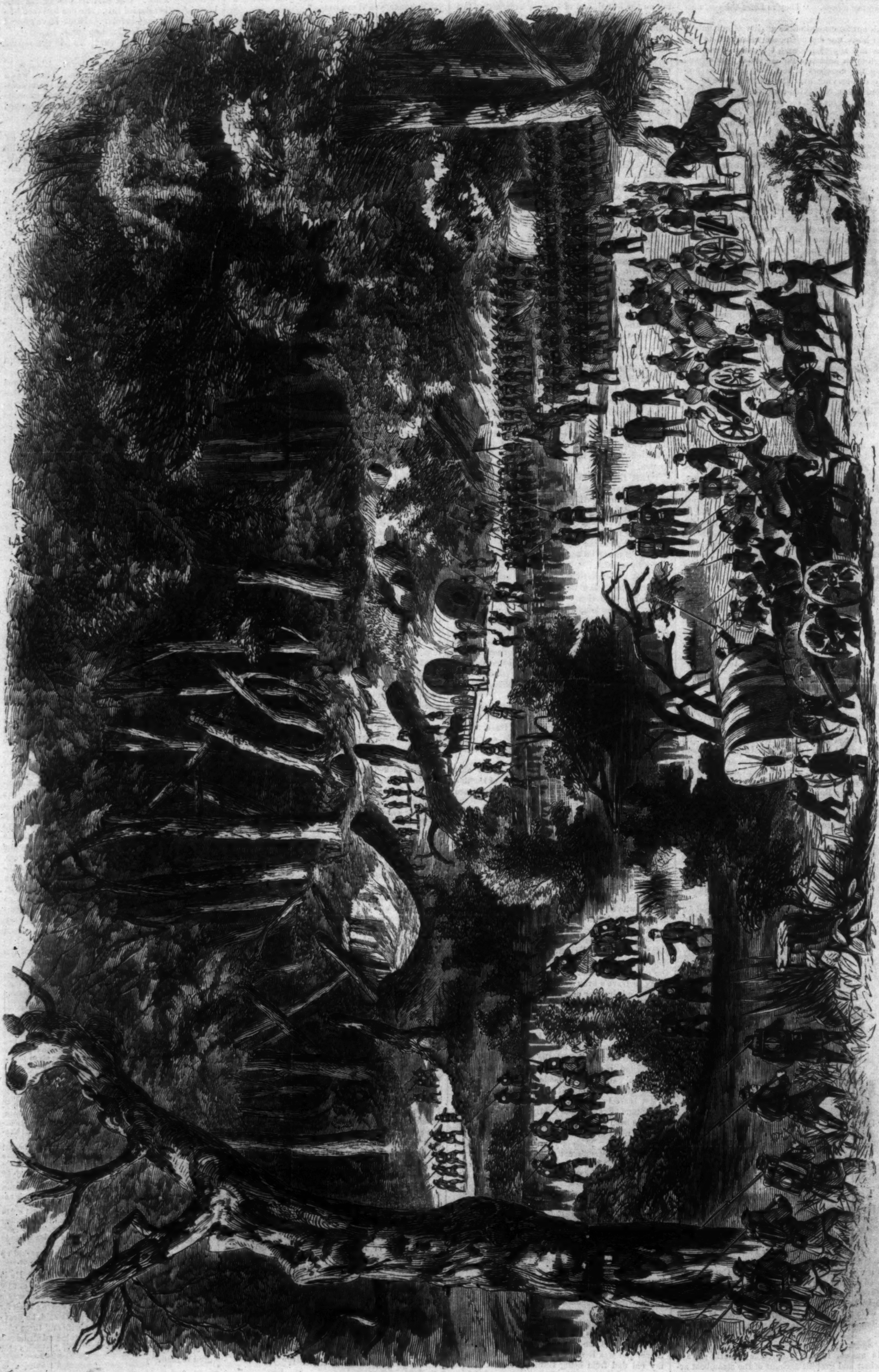
Flint and I kept our word with Mary Stone.

JEFF DAVIS'S COACHMAN.

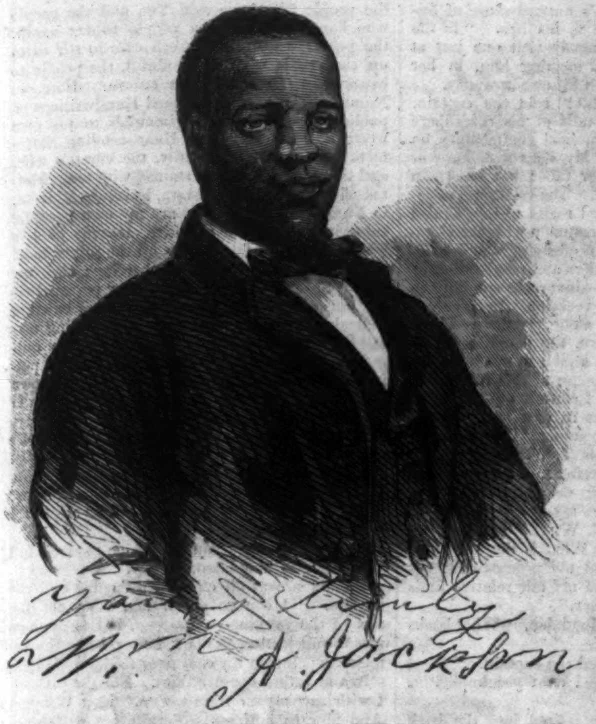
We publish on page 365 a portrait of William A. Jackson, Ex-Coachman of Jeff Davis, who recently entered our lines at Fredericksburg. Jackson is an extremely intelligent man, reads and writes (as his signature shows), and converses in a manner which shows that he has been used to good society. He seems well posted in regard to the events of the past year, and to the condition of affairs at the South. He says that the negroes at Richmond and throughout the South have long foreseen the present state of things, and look anxiously for the coming of the Union armies. He says that the rebels dare not trust the negroes with arms; and as to relying upon their fidelity, they are well aware that every negro at the South prays earnestly for the success of the Union armies. He adds that notwithstanding the care taken by the slave-owners to conceal the news from the negroes, and to deceive them as to the purposes of the Northern men, they are generally well acquainted with the course of events. Jackson represents Davis, in whose service he remained several months, as much disheartened and querulous: fond of complaining of the want of popular support, and very downhearted about the future. When Jackson first came into our lines he made a statement to General M'Dowell, which was published in all the papers. We subjoin the following summary:

> The coachman overheard a conversation between Davis and Dr. Gwin, formerly United States Senator from California. Davis said he had sent General J. R. Anderson from North Carolina to resist the march of the Nationals from Fredericksburg, and to delay them long enough for him to see the probable result of the contest before Yorktown, so that if that was likely to be unsuccessful he would have time to extricate his army from the peninsula and get them into Richmond and out of Virginia; that otherwise they would all be caught. The coachman represents that Mrs. Davis said "the Confederacy was about played out," and "that if New Orleans was really taken she had no longer any interest in the matter, as all she had was there; that it was a great pity they had ever attempted to hold Virginia and the other non-growing cotton States;" and that she said to Mrs. D. R. Jones, daughter of Colonel James Taylor, United States Commissary-General of Subsistence, who was very anxious to get to Washington, where she has one of her children, "not to give herself any trouble, but to stay where she was, and when the Yankees came to Richmond she could go."
>
> The coachman says that Mr. and Mrs. Davis have all their books, clothing, and pictures packed up ready to move off; that there is much outspoken Union feeling in Richmond; that, having been a waiter in a hotel there, he knows all the Union men of the place, and that the Yankees are looked for with much pleasure, more by the whites than even the colored people. Confederate money is not taken when it can be avoided.
>
> Miss Davis herself was refused, when she offered a $10 Confederate note, which she did in payment for something purchased for Mrs. Brown.
>
> Many of the Richmond people wish the Union troops to come, as they are half starved out.
>
> The bank and Government property are all packed up for removal to Danville, near the North Carolina line.

Jackson is a man of thirty years of age. He is or *was* owned in Richmond, but was hired out by the year by his owner. For some years he was a messenger in one of the courts; he drove a hack for a couple of years, and latterly, as we said, he drove the rebel President. He has a wife and three children, all slaves, in Richmond. It is a misdemeanor at law in Virginia to teach William Jackson's children to read.

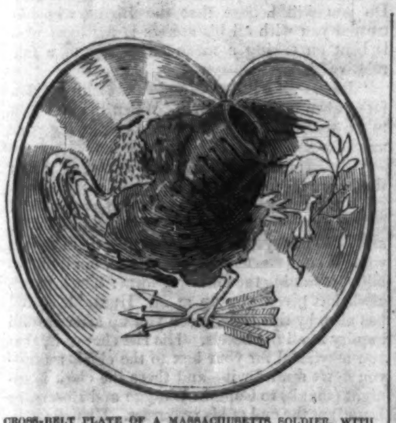


GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S ARMY ON THE MARCH THROUGH THE WOODS FROM WILLIAMSBURG TOWARD RICHMOND.—Sketched by Mr. F. Meyer.—[See Page 359.]



Yours Truly
Wm. A. Jackson

WILLIAM A. JACKSON, EX-COACHMAN OF JEFF DAVIS.—[See Page 363.]



CROSS-BELT PLATE OF A MASSACHUSETTS SOLDIER, WITH REBEL MINIÉ BALL IMBEDDED.—[*See Page 359.*]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

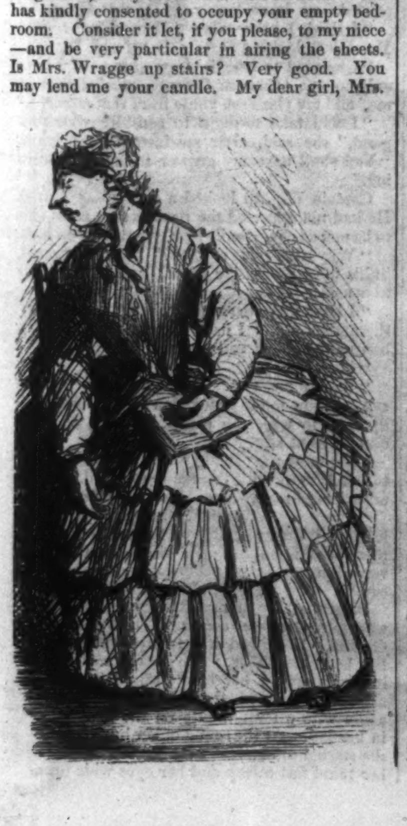
By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

CHAPTER II.

Captain Wragge stopped nearly midway in the one little row of houses composing Rosemary Lane, and let himself and his guest in at the door of his lodgings with his own key. As they entered the passage a careworn woman, in a widow's cap, made her appearance with a candle. "My niece," said the captain, presenting Magdalen; "my niece on a visit to York. She has kindly consented to occupy your empty bedroom. Consider it let, if you please, to my niece—and be very particular in airing the sheets. Is Mrs. Wragge up stairs? Very good. You may lend me your candle. My dear girl, Mrs. Wragge's boudoir is on the first floor; Mrs. Wragge is visible. Allow me to show you the way up."



As he ascended the stairs first the careworn widow whispered piteously to Magdalen: "I hope you'll pay me, miss. Your uncle doesn't."

The captain threw open the door of the front room on the first floor, and disclosed a female figure, arrayed in a gown of tarnished amber-colored satin, seated solitary on a small chair, with dingy old gloves on its hands, with a tattered old book on its knees, and with one little bedroom candle by its side. The figure terminated at its upper extremity in a large, smooth, white round face like a moon, encircled by a cap and green ribbons, and dimly irradiated by eyes of mild and faded blue, which looked straight forward into vacancy, and took not the smallest notice of Magdalen's appearance on the opening of the door.

"Mrs. Wragge!" cried the captain, shouting at her as if she was fast asleep—"Mrs. Wragge!"

The lady of the faded blue eyes slowly rose to an apparently interminable height. When she had at last attained an upright position she towered to a stature of two or three inches over six feet. Giants of both sexes are, by a wise dispensation of Providence, created for the most part gentle. If Mrs. Wragge and a lamb had been placed side by side, comparison, under those circumstances, would have exposed the lamb as a rank impostor.

"Tea, dear?" inquired Mrs. Wragge, looking submissively down at her husband, whose head when he stood on tip-toe barely reached her shoulder.

"Miss Vanstone the younger," said the captain, presenting Magdalen. "Our fair relative, whom I have met by a fortunate accident. Our guest for the night. Our guest!" reiterated the captain, shouting once more, as if the tall lady was still fast asleep, in spite of the plain testimony of her own eyes to the contrary.

A smile expressed itself (in faint outline) on the large vacant space of Mrs. Wragge's countenance. "Oh?" she said, interrogatively. "Oh, indeed? Please, miss, will you sit down? I'm sorry—no, I don't mean I'm sorry; I mean I'm glad—" She stopped, and consulted her husband by a helpless look.

"Glad, of course!" shouted the captain.

"Glad, of course," echoed the giantess of the amber satin, more meekly than ever.

"Mrs. Wragge is not deaf," explained the captain. "She's only a little slow. Constitutionally torpid—if I may use the expression. I am merely loud with her (and I beg you will honor me by being loud too) as a necessary stimulant to her ideas. Shout at her—and her mind comes up to time. Speak to her—and she drifts miles away from you directly. Mrs. Wragge!"

Mrs. Wragge instantly acknowledged the stimulant. "Tea, dear?" she inquired, for the second time,

"Put your cap straight!" shouted her husband. "I beg ten thousand pardons," he resumed, again addressing himself to Magdalen. "The sad truth is, I am a martyr to my own sense of order. All untidiness, all want of system and regularity, causes me the acutest irritation, My attention is distracted, my composure is upset; I can't rest till things are set straight again. Externally speaking, Mrs. Wragge is, to my infinite regret, the crookedest woman I ever met with. More to the right!" shouted the captain, as Mrs. Wragge, like a well-trained child, presented herself with her revised head-dress for her husband's inspection.

Mrs. Wragge immediately pulled the cap to the left. Magdalen rose and set it right for her. The moon-face of the giantess brightened for the first time. She looked admiringly at Magdalen's cloak and bonnet. "Do you like dress, miss?" she asked suddenly, in a confidential whisper. "I do."

"Show Miss Vanstone her room," said the captain, looking as if the whole house belonged to him. "The spare-room, the landlady's spare-room, on the third floor front. Offer Miss Vanstone all articles connected with the toilet of which she may stand in need. She has no luggage with her. Supply the deficiency; and then come back and make tea."

Mrs. Wragge acknowledged the receipt of these lofty directions by a look of placid bewilderment, and led the way out of the room, Magdalen following her with a candle presented by the attentive captain. As soon as they were alone on the landing outside, Mrs. Wragge raised the tattered old book which she had been reading when Magdalen was first presented to her, and which she had never let out of her hand since, and slowly tapped herself on the forehead with it. "Oh, my poor head!" said the tall lady, in meek soliloquy; "it's Buzzing again worse than ever!"

"Buzzing?" repeated Magdalen, in the utmost astonishment.

Mrs. Wragge ascended the stairs without offering any explanation, stopped at one of the rooms on the second floor, and led the way in.

"This is not the third floor," said Magdalen. "This is not my room, surely?"

"Wait a bit," pleaded Mrs. Wragge. "Wait a bit, miss, before we go up any higher. I've got the Buzzing in my head worse than ever. Please wait for me till I'm a little better again."

"Shall I ask for help?" inquired Magdalen. "Shall I call the landlady?"

"Help?" echoed Mrs. Wragge. "Bless you, I don't want help! I'm used to it. I've had the Buzzing in my head, off and on—how many years?" She stopped, reflected, lost herself, and suddenly tried a question in despair. "Have you ever been at Darch's Dining-Rooms in London?" she asked, with an appearance of the deepest interest.

"No," replied Magdalen, wondering at the strange inquiry.

"That's where the Buzzing in my head first begun," said Mrs. Wragge, following the new clew with the deepest attention and anxiety. "I was employed to wait on the gentlemen at Darch's Dining-Rooms—I was. The gentlemen all came together; the gentlemen were all hungry together; the gentlemen all gave their orders together—" She stopped, and tapped her head again despondently with the tattered old book.

"And you had to keep all their orders in your memory, separate one from the other?" suggested Magdalen, helping her out. "And the trying to do that confused you?"

"That's it!" said Mrs. Wragge, becoming violently excited in a moment. "Boiled pork and greens and pease-pudding for Number One. Stewed beef and carrots and gooseberry tart for Number Two. Cut of mutton, and quick about it, well done, and plenty of fat, for Number Three. Codfish and parsnips, two chops to follow, hot-and-hot, or I'll be the death of you, for Number Four. Five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Carrots and gooseberry tart—pease-pudding and plenty of fat—pork and beef and mutton, and cut 'em all, and quick about it—stout for one, and ale for t'other—and stale bread here, and new bread there—and this gentleman likes cheese, and that gentleman doesn't—Matilda, Tilda, Tilda, Tilda, fifty times over, till I didn't know my own name again—oh lord! oh lord!! oh lord!!! all together, all at the same time, all out of temper, all buzzing in my poor head like forty thousand million bees—don't tell the captain! don't tell the captain!" The unfortunate creature dropped the tattered old book, and beat both hands on her head, with a look of blank terror fixed on the door.

"Hush! hush!" said Magdalen. "The captain hasn't heard you. I know what is the matter with your head now. Let me cool it."

She dipped a towel in water, and pressed it on the hot and helpless head which Mrs. Wragge submitted to her with the docility of a sick child.

"What a pretty hand you've got!" said the poor creature, feeling the relief of the coolness, and taking Magdalen's hand admiringly in her own. "How soft and white it is! I try to be a lady; I always keep my gloves on—but I can't get my hands like yours. I'm nicely dressed though, ain't I? I like dress: it's a comfort to me. I'm always happy when I'm looking at my things. I say—you won't be angry with me?—I should so like to try your bonnet on."

Magdalen humored her, with the ready compassion of the young. She stood smiling and nodding at herself in the glass, with the bonnet perched on the top of her head. "I had one, as pretty as this, once," she said—"only it was white, not black. I wore it when the captain married me."

"Where did you meet with him?" asked Magdalen, putting the question as a chance means of increasing her scanty stock of information on the subject of Captain Wragge.

"At the Dining-Rooms," said Mrs. Wragge. "He was the hungriest and the loudest to wait upon of the lot of 'em. I made more mistakes with him than I did with all the rest of them put together. He used to swear—oh, didn't he use to swear! When he left off swearing at me, he married me. There was others wanted me besides him. Bless you, I had my pick. Why not? When you have a trifle of money left you, that you didn't expect, if that don't make a lady of you, what does? Isn't a lady to have her pick? I had my trifle of money, and I had my pick, and I picked the captain—I did. He was the smartest and the shortest of them all. He took care of me and my money. I'm here, the money's gone. Don't you put that towel down on the table—he won't have that! Don't move his razors—don't please, or I shall forget which is which. I've got to remember which is which to-morrow morning. Bless you, the captain don't shave himself! He had me taught. I shave him. I do his hair, and cut his nails—he's awfully particular about his nails. So he is about his trowsers. And his shoes. And his newspaper in the morning. And his breakfasts, and lunches, and dinners, and teas—" She stopped, struck by a sudden recollection, looked about her, observed the tattered old book on the floor, and clasped her hands in despair. "I've lost the place!" she exclaimed, helplessly. "Oh, mercy, what will become of me! I've lost the place."

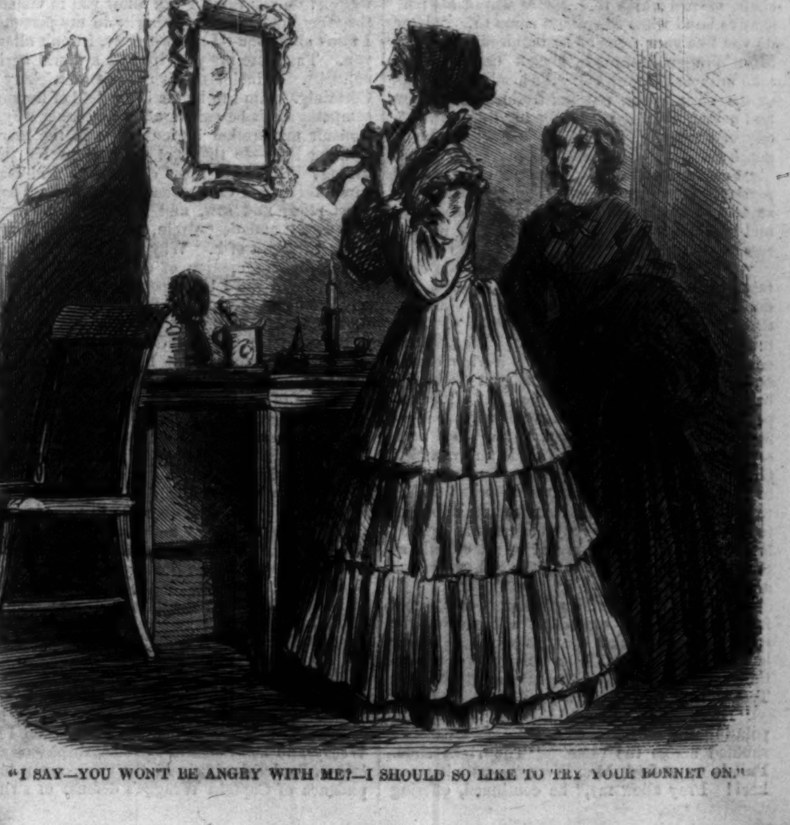
"Never mind," said Magdalen; "I'll soon find the place for you again."

She picked up the book, looked into the pages, and found that the object of Mrs. Wragge's anxiety was nothing more important than an old-fashioned Treatise on the Art of Cookery, reduced under the usual heads of Fish, Flesh, and Fowl, and containing the customary series of recipes. Turning over the leaves, Magdalen came to one particular page, thickly studded with little drops of moisture, half dry. "Curious!" she said. "If this was any thing but a cookery-book I should say somebody had been crying over it."

"Somebody?" echoed Mrs. Wragge, with a stare of amazement. "It isn't somebody—it's Me. Thank you kindly, that's the place sure enough. Bless you, I'm used to crying over it! You'd cry too if you had to get the captain's dinners out of it. As sure as ever I sit down to this book the Buzzing in my head begins again. Who's to make it out? Sometimes I think I've got it, and it all goes away from me. Sometimes I think I haven't got it, and it all comes back in a heap. Look here! Here's what he's ordered for his breakfast to-morrow: 'Omelette with Herbs. Beat up two eggs with a little water or milk, salt, pepper, chives, and parsley. Mince small.' There! mince small! How am I to mince small, when it's all mixed up and running? 'Put a piece of butter the size of your thumb into the frying-pan.' Look at my thumb and look at yours! whose size does she mean? 'Boil but not brown.' If it mustn't be brown what color must it be? She won't tell me; she expects me to know, and I don't. 'Pour in the omelette.' There! I can do that. 'Allow it to set, raise it round the edge; when done, turn it over to double it.' Oh, the numbers of times I turned it over and doubled it in my head before you came in to-night! 'Keep it soft; put the dish on the frying-pan and turn it over.' Which am I to turn over—oh mercy, try the cold towel again, and tell me which, the dish or the frying-pan?"

"Put the dish on the frying-pan," said Magdalen, "and then turn the frying-pan over. That is what it means, I think."

"Thank you kindly," said Mrs. Wragge, "I want to get it into my head; please say it again."



"I SAY—YOU WON'T BE ANGRY WITH ME?—I SHOULD SO LIKE TO TRY YOUR BONNET ON."

Magdalen said it again.

"And then turn the frying-pan over," repeated Mrs. Wragge, with a sudden burst of energy. "I've got it now! Oh, the lots of omelettes all frying together in my head, and all frying wrong. Much obliged, I'm sure. You've put me all right again; I'm only a little tired with talking. And then turn the frying-pan, then turn the frying-pan, then turn the frying-pan over. It sounds like poetry, don't it?"

Her voice sank, and she drowsily closed her eyes. At the same moment the door of the room below opened, and the captain's mellifluous bass notes floated up stairs, charged with the customary stimulant to his wife's faculties.

"Mrs. Wragge!" cried the captain. "Mrs. Wragge!"

She started to her feet at that terrible summons. "Oh, what did he tell me to do?" she asked, distractedly. "Lots of things, and I've forgotten them all!"

"Say you have done them when he asks you," suggested Magdalen. "They were things for me—things I don't want. I remember all that is necessary. My room is the front room on the third floor. Go down stairs and say I am coming directly."

She took up the candle and pushed Mrs. Wragge out on the landing. "Say I am coming directly," she whispered again—and went up stairs by herself to the third story.

The room was small, close, and very poorly furnished. In former days Miss Garth would have hesitated to offer such a room to one of the servants at Combe-Raven. But it was quiet; it gave her a few minutes alone; and it was endurable, even welcome, on that account. She locked herself in, and walked mechanically, with a woman's first impulse in a strange bedroom, to the rickety little table, and the dingy little looking-glass. She waited there for a moment, and then turned away again with weary contempt. "What does it matter how pale I am?" she thought to herself, "Frank can't see me—what does it matter now!"

She laid aside her cloak and bonnet and sat down to collect herself. But the events of the day had worn her out. The past, when she tried to remember it, only made her heart ache. The future, when she tried to penetrate it, was a black void. She rose again and stood by the uncurtained window, stood looking out, as if there were some hidden sympathy for her own desolation in the desolate night.

"Norah!" she said to herself, tenderly; "I wonder if Norah is thinking of me? Oh, if I could be as patient as she is! If I could only forget the debt we owe to Michael Vanstone!"

Her face darkened with a vindictive despair, and she paced the little cage of a room backward and forward softly. "No: never till the debt is paid!" Her thoughts veered back again to Frank. "Still at sea, poor fellow; farther and farther away from me; sailing through the day, sailing through the night. Oh, Frank, love me!"

Her eyes filled with tears. She dashed them away, made for the door, and laughed with a desperate levity as she unlocked it again.

"Any company is better than my own thoughts," she burst out recklessly, as she left the room. "I'm forgetting my ready-made relations—my half-witted aunt, and my uncle the rogue." She descended the stairs to the landing on the first floor, and paused there in momentary hesitation. "How will it end?" she asked herself. "Where is my blindfold journey taking me to now? Who knows and who cares?"

She entered the room.

Captain Wragge was presiding at the tea-tray, with the air of a prince in his own banqueting-hall. At one side of the table sat Mrs. Wragge watching her husband's eye like an animal waiting to be fed. At the other side was an empty chair, toward which the captain waved his persuasive hand when Magdalen came in. "How do you like your room?" he inquired; "I trust Mrs. Wragge has made herself useful? You take milk and sugar? Try the local bread, honor the York butter, test the freshness of a new and neighboring egg. I offer my little all. A pauper's meal, my dear girl, seasoned with a gentleman's welcome."

"Seasoned with salt, pepper, chives, and parsley," murmured Mrs. Wragge, catching instantly at a word in connection with cookery, and harnessing her head to the omelette for the rest of the evening.

"Sit straight at the table!" shouted the captain. "More to the left, more still—that will do. During your absence up stairs," he continued, addressing himself to Magdalen, "my mind has not been unemployed. I have been considering your position, with a view exclusively to your own benefit. If you decide on being guided to-morrow by the light of my experience, that light is unreservedly at your service. You may naturally say, 'I know but little of you, captain, and that little is unfavorable.' Granted, on one condition—that you permit me to make myself and my character quite familiar to you when tea is over. False shame is foreign to my nature. You see my wife, my house, my bread, my butter, and my eggs, all exactly as they are. See me, too, my dear girl, while you are about it."

When tea was over Mrs. Wragge, at a signal from her husband, retired to a corner of the room with the eternal cookery-book still in her hand. "Mince small," she whispered, confidentially, as she passed Magdalen. "That's a Teazer, isn't it?"

"Down at heel again!" shouted the captain, pointing to his wife's heavy flat feet as they shuffled across the room. "The right shoe. Pull it up at heel, Mrs. Wragge—pull it up at heel! Pray allow me," he continued, offering his arm to Magdalen, and escorting her to a dirty little horse-hair sofa. "You want repose—after your long journey, you really want repose." He drew his chair to the sofa and surveyed her with a bland look of investigation—as if he had been her medical attendant, with a diagnosis on his mind.

"Very pleasant! very pleasant!" said the captain, when he had seen his guest comfortable on the sofa. "I feel quite in the bosom of my family. Shall we return to our subject—the subject of my rascally self? No! no! No apologies, no protestations, pray. Don't mince the matter on your side—and depend on me not to mince it on mine. Now come to facts; pray come to facts. Who and what am I? Carry your mind back to our conversation on the Walls of this interesting city, and let us start once more from your point of view. I am a Rogue; and in that capacity (as I have already pointed out) the most useful man you could possibly have met with. Now observe! There are many varieties of Rogue; let me tell you my variety to begin with. I am a Swindler."

His entire shamelessness was really superhuman. Not the vestige of a blush varied the sallow monotony of his complexion; the smile wreathed his curly lips as pleasantly as ever; his parti-colored eyes twinkled at Magdalen with the self-enjoying frankness of a naturally harmless man. Had his wife heard him? Magdalen looked over his shoulder to the corner of the room in which she was sitting behind him. No: the self-taught student of cookery was absorbed in her subject. She had advanced her imaginary omelette to the critical stage at which the butter was to be thrown in—that vaguely-measured morsel of butter, the size of your thumb. Mrs. Wragge sat lost in contemplation of one of her own thumbs, and shook her head over it, as if it failed to satisfy her.

"Don't be shocked," proceeded the captain; "don't be astonished. Swindler is nothing but a word of two syllables. S, W, I, N, D—swind; L, E, R—ler: Swindler. Definition: A moral agriculturist; a man who cultivates the field of human sympathy. I am that moral agriculturist, that cultivating man. Narrow-minded mediocrity, envious of my success in my profession, calls me a Swindler. What of that? The same low tone of mind assails men in other professions in a similar manner—calls great writers scribblers—great generals butchers—and so on. It entirely depends on the point of view. Adopting your point, I announce myself intelligibly as a Swindler. Now return the obligation, and adopt mine. Hear what I have to say for myself in the exercise of my profession.—Shall I continue to put it frankly?"

"Yes," said Magdalen; "and I'll tell you frankly afterward what I think of it."

The captain cleared his throat; mentally assembled his entire army of words—horse, foot, artillery, and reserves; put himself at the head, and dashed into action, to carry the moral entrenchments of Society by a general charge.

"Now, observe," he began. "Here am I, a needy object. Very good. Without complicating the question by asking how I come to be in that condition, I will merely inquire whether it is, or is not, the duty of a Christian community to help the needy. If you say No, you simply shock me; and there is an end of it. If you say Yes, then I beg to ask, Why am I to blame for making a Christian community do its duty? You may say, Is a careful man who has saved money bound to spend it again on a careless stranger who has saved none? Why, of course he is! And on what ground, pray? Good Heavens! on the ground that he has *got* the money, to be sure. All the world over the man who has *not* got the thing obtains it, on one pretense or another, of the man who has—and in nine cases out of ten the pretense is a false one. What! your pockets are full, and my pockets are empty, and you refuse to help me? Sordid wretch! do you think I will allow you to violate the sacred obligations of charity in my person? I won't allow you—I say distinctly, I won't allow you. These are my principles as a moral agriculturist. Principles which admit of trickery? Certainly. Am I to blame if the field of human sympathy can't be cultivated in any other way? Consult my brother agriculturists in the mere farming line—do they get their crops for the asking? No! they must circumvent arid Nature exactly as I circumvent sordid Man. They must plow, and sow, and top-dress, and bottom-dress, and deep-drain, and surface-drain, and all the rest of it. Why am I to be checked in the vast occupation of deep-draining mankind? Why am I to be persecuted for habitually exciting the noblest feelings of our common nature? Infamous!—I can characterize it by no other word—infamous! If I hadn't confidence in the future I should despair of humanity—but I have confidence in the future. Yes! one of these days (when I am dead and gone), as ideas enlarge and enlightenment progresses, the abstract merits of the profession now called swindling will be recognized. When that day comes don't drag me out of my grave and give me a public funeral; don't take advantage of my having no voice to raise in my own defense, and insult me by a national statue. No! do me justice on my tombstone; dash me off in one masterly sentence on my epitaph. Here lies Wragge, Embalmed in the tardy recognition of his species: he plowed, sowed, and reaped his fellow-creatures; and enlightened posterity congratulates him on the uniform excellence of his crops."

He stopped; not from want of confidence, not from want of words—purely from want of breath. "I put it frankly, with a dash of humor," he said, pleasantly. "I don't shock you, do I?" Weary and heart-sick as she was, suspicious of others, doubtful of herself, the extravagant impudence of Captain Wragge's defense of swindling touched Magdalen's natural sense of humor, and forced a smile to her lips. "Is the Yorkshire crop a particularly rich one just at present?" she inquired, meeting him, in her neatly feminine way, with his own weapons.

"A hit—a palpable hit!" said the captain, jocosely exhibiting the tails of his threadbare shooting-jacket, as a practical commentary on Magdalen's remark. "My dear girl, here or elsewhere, the crop never fails; but one man can't always gather it in. The assistance of intelligent co-operation is, I regret to say, denied me. I have nothing in common with the clumsy rank and file of my profession, who convict themselves, before recorders and magistrates, of the worst of all offenses—incurable stupidity in the exercise of their own vocation. Such as you see me, I stand entirely alone. After years of successful self-dependence, the penalties of celebrity are beginning to attach to me. On my way from the North, I pause at this interesting city for the third time; I consult my Books for the customary references to past local experience; I find under the heading, 'Personal position in York,' the initials T. W. K., signifying Too Well Known. I refer to my Index, and turn to the surrounding neighborhood. The same brief remarks meet my eye. 'Leeds, T. W. K.; Scarborough, T. W. K.; Harrowgate, T. W. K.,' and so on. What is the inevitable consequence? I suspend my proceedings; my resources evaporate; and my fair relative finds me at a crisis in my career."

"Your books?" said Magdalen. "What books do you mean!"

"You shall see," replied the captain. "Trust me or not, as you like—I trust *you* implicitly. You shall see."

With those words he retired into the back room. While he was gone Magdalen stole another look at Mrs. Wragge. Was she still self-isolated from her husband's deluge of words? Perfectly self-isolated. She had advanced the imaginary omelette to the last stage of culinary progress; and she was now rehearsing the final operation of turning it over—with the palm of her hand to represent the dish, and the cookery-book to impersonate the frying-pan. "I've got it," said Mrs. Wragge, nodding across the room at Magdalen. "First put the frying-pan on the dish, and then tumble both of them over."

Captain Wragge returned, carrying a neat black dispatch-box, adorned with a bright brass lock. He produced from the box five or six plump little books, bound in commercial calf and vellum, and each fitted comfortably with its own little lock.

"Mind!" said the moral agriculturist, "I take no credit to myself for this: it is my nature to be orderly, and orderly I am. I must have every thing down in black and white, or I should go mad! Here is my commercial library—Day-Book, Ledger, Book of Districts, Book of Letters, Book of Remarks, and so on. Kindly throw your eye over any one of them. I flatter myself there is no such thing as a blot or a careless entry in it from the first page to the last. Look at this room—is there a chair out of place? Not if I know it! Look at *me*. Am I dusty? am I dirty? am I half shaved? Am I, in brief, a speckless pauper, or am I not? Mind! I take no credit to myself: the nature of the man, my dear girl—the nature of the man!"

He opened one of the books. Magdalen was no judge of the admirable correctness with which the accounts inside were all kept, but she could estimate the neatness of the handwriting, the regularity in the rows of figures, the mathematical exactness of the ruled lines in red and black ink, the cleanly absence of blots, stains, or erasures. Although Captain Wragge's inborn sense of order was, in him, as it is in others, a sense too inveterately mechanical to exercise any elevated moral influence over his actions, it had produced its legitimate effect on his habits, and had reduced his rogueries as strictly to method and system as if they had been the commercial transactions of an honest man.

"In appearance, my system looks complicated?" pursued the captain. "In reality, it is simplicity itself. I merely avoid the errors of inferior practitioners. That is to say, I never plead for myself; and I never apply to rich people—both fatal mistakes which the inferior practitioner perpetually commits. People with small means sometimes have generous impulses in connection with money—rich people, *never*. My lord, with forty thousand a year; Sir John, with property in half a dozen counties—those are the men who never forgive the genteel beggar for swindling them out of a sovereign; those are the men who send for the mendicity officers; those are the men who take care of their money. Who are the people who lose shillings and sixpences by sheer thoughtlessness? Servants and small clerks, to whom shillings and sixpences are of consequence. Did you ever hear of Rothschild or Baring dropping a fourpenny-piece down a gutter-hole. Fourpence in Rothschild's pocket is safer than fourpence in the pocket of that woman who is crying stale shrimps in Skeldergate at this moment. Fortified by these sound principles, enlightened by the stores of written information in my commercial library, I have ranged through the population for years past, and have raised my charitable crops with the most cheering success. Here, in book Number One, are all my Districts mapped out, with the prevalent public feeling to appeal to in each—Military District, Clerical District, Agricultural District; Et cætera, Et cætera. Here, in Number Two, are my cases that I plead: Family of an officer who fell at Waterloo; Wife of a poor curate stricken down by nervous debility; Widow of a grazier in difficulties gored to death by a mad bull; Et cætera, Et cætera. Here, in Number Three, are the people who have heard of the officer's family, the curate's wife, the grazier's widow, and the people who haven't; the people who have said Yes, and the people who have said No; the people to try again, the people who want a fresh case to stir them up, the people who are doubtful, the people to beware of; Et cætera, Et cætera. Here, in Number Four, are my Adopted Handwritings of public characters; my testimonials to my own worth and integrity; my Heart-rending Statements of the officer's family, the curate's wife, and the grazier's widow, stained with tears, blotted with emotion; Et cætera, Et cætera. Here, in Numbers Five and Six, are my own personal subscriptions to local charities, actually paid in remunerative neighborhoods, on the principle of throwing a sprat to catch a herring; also, my diary of each day's proceedings, my personal reflections and remarks, my statement of existing difficulties (such as the difficulty of finding myself T. W. K. in this interesting city); my outgoings and incomings; wind and weather; politics and public events; fluctuations in my own health; fluctuations in Mrs. Wragge's head; fluctuations in our means and meals, our payments, prospects, and principles; Et cætera, Et cætera. So, my dear girl, the Swindler's Mill goes. So you see me exactly as I am. You knew, before I met you, that I lived on my wits. Well! have I, or have I not, shown you that I have wits to live on?"

"I have no doubt you have done yourself full justice," said Magdalen, quietly.

"I am not at all exhausted," continued the captain. "I can go on, if necessary, for the rest of the evening.—However, if I have done myself full justice, perhaps I may leave the remaining points in my character to develop themselves at future opportunities. For the present, I withdraw myself from notice. Exit Wragge. And now to business! Permit me to inquire what effect I have produced on your own mind? Do you still believe that the Rogue who has trusted you with all his secrets is a Rogue who is bent on taking a mean advantage of a fair relative?"

"I will wait a little," Magdalen rejoined, "before I answer that question. When I came down to tea you told me you had been employing your mind for my benefit. May I ask how?"

"By all means," said Captain Wragge. "You shall have the net result of the whole mental process. Said process ranges over the present and future proceedings of your disconsolate friends, and of the lawyers who are helping them to find you. Their present proceedings are, in all probability, assuming the following form: The lawyer's clerk has given you up at Mr. Huxtable's, and has also, by this time, given you up after careful inquiry at all the hotels. His last chance is, that you may send for your box to the cloak-room—you don't send for it—and there the clerk is to-night (thanks to Captain Wragge and Rosemary Lane!) at the end of his resources. He will forthwith communicate that fact to his employers in London; and those employers (don't be alarmed!) will apply for help to the detective police. Allowing for inevitable delays, a professional spy, with all his wits about him, and with those hand-bills to help him privately in identifying you, will be here, certainly not later than the day after to-morrow—possibly earlier. If you remain in York, if you attempt to communicate with Mr. Huxtable, that spy will find you out. If, on the other hand, you leave the city before he comes (taking your departure by other means than the railway, of course), you put him in the same predicament as the clerk—you defy him to find a fresh trace of you. There is my brief abstract of your present position. What do you think of it?"

"I think it has one defect," said Magdalen. "It ends in nothing."

"Pardon me," retorted the captain; "it ends in an arrangement for your safe departure, and in a plan for the entire gratification of your wishes in the direction of the stage. Both drawn from the resources of my own experience; and both waiting a word from you, to be poured forth immediately, in the fullest detail."

"I think I know what that word is," replied Magdalen, looking at him attentively.

"Charmed to hear it, I am sure. You have only to say, 'Captain Wragge, take charge of me,' and my plans are yours from that moment."

"I will take to-night to consider your proposal," she said, after an instant's reflection. "You shall have my answer to-morrow morning."

Captain Wragge looked a little disappointed. He had not expected the reservation on his side to be met so composedly by a reservation on hers.

"Why not decide at once?" he remonstrated, in his most persuasive tones. "You have only to consider—"

"I have more to consider than you think for," she answered. "I have another object in view besides the object you know of."

"May I ask—?"

"Excuse me, Captain Wragge—you may *not* ask. Allow me to thank you for your hospitality, and to wish you good-night. I am worn out. I want rest."

Once more the captain wisely adapted himself to her humor, with the ready self-control of an experienced man.

"Worn out, of course!" he said, sympathetically. "Unpardonable on my part not to have thought of it before. We will resume our conversation to-morrow. Permit me to give you a candle. Mrs. Wragge!"

Prostrated by mental exertion, Mrs. Wragge was pursuing the course of the omelette in dreams. Her head was twisted one way, and her body the other. She snored meekly. At intervals one of her hands raised itself in the air, shook an imaginary frying-pan, and dropped again with a faint thump on the cookery-book in her lap. At the sound of her husband's voice she started to her feet, and confronted him with her mind fast asleep and her eyes wide open.

"Assist Miss Vanstone," said the captain. "And the next time you forget yourself in your chair, fall asleep straight—don't annoy me by falling asleep crooked."

Mrs. Wragge opened her eyes a little wider, and looked at Magdalen in helpless amazement.

"Is the captain breakfasting by candlelight?" she inquired, meekly. "And haven't I done the omelette?"

Before her husband's corrective voice could apply a fresh stimulant Magdalen took her compassionately by the arm, and led her out of the room.

"Another object besides the object I know of?" repeated Captain Wragge, when he was left by himself. "*Is* there a gentleman in the back-ground, after all? Is there mischief brewing in the dark that I don't bargain for?"

ESSAYS AND REMARKS.

BEAUTY.—Women, because beauty is supposed to be peculiar to them, are called the fair sex, but throughout nearly all foreign nations the women are no more beautiful than the men, and most of the men are hideously ugly. In England there are more beautiful women than there are any where else; but even there female beauty is so much the reverse of common that a woman herself, meaning to say that another is ugly, will term her ordinary, or, as that word is too generally pronounced, ornary.

A beautiful girl, red and white, much resembles an apple-tree out in bloom; only apple-bloom fades rather faster than beauty. At twenty, beauty, like the *Grave-digger's* tanner, "will last you nine year;" perhaps a year or two more; very likely not so many years; but its decay, though quickly observed, is slowly felt. Loss of beauty is of not much consequence to a wife; for a husband soon gets used to his wife's beauty, and then, if ever so great, it is just as if it were not; girls had therefore better not accept men who want to marry them for their beauty, and a girl able to get a husband by more durable attractions is likely to be happier in marriage without beauty than she would be with it.

Beauty is chiefly a matter of limited roundness of form, relative proportion, and color in the right place; for color in the wrong place is not beautiful—for instance, red at the end of the nose. When rotundity exceeds a certain arch, the form which was beautiful grows funny. Beauty of figure and complexion is best preserved by moderation in eating, not to say drinking, plenty of exercise, and the use of soft water, without any other cosmetic than soap, of which the best is yellow. Beauty of feature is kept longest by discarding envy, hatred, malice, small vanity, and anxiety about money matters—emotions which gradually muddle the eye and pull the outlines of the face out of shape; anxiety about money matters especially having the effect of causing a dull, unhappy scowl, and distorting the mouth. Hence matronly beauty is rather often spoiled by engrossing attention to domestic economy; while, on the other hand, so very lively a beauty distinguishes unmarried girls and young wives who repose implicit confidence in the solvency of their husbands and fathers, as many of them do, although the income of those gentlemen depends upon their personal industry.

Habitual regardlessness of expense is the chief cause of the superior beauty of the superior classes, especially the aristocracy, producing that beautiful serenity of countenance which, reclining in the carriages that revolve around the Ring in Hyde Park, they most of them exhibit in strong contrast with the sordid uneasiness generally remarkable in the clouded and puckered visages of those who have, as the saying is, to pull the devil by the tail.

The only perennial beauty is that which is sublimated by cultivating the moral sentiments and the intellect. It is very rare indeed. The rest is merely animal beauty, and when the beauty goes the animal only remains; the grace of the fawn is replaced by the clumsiness of the cow, the plump elegant young lady expands into the bulky middle-aged woman; and the fine girl that once was becomes what she and the dandies who then dangled after her used contemptuously to call an "elderly party." Here a woman who had never any animal beauty to lose, but who has some spiritual beauty which is not to be lost, catches the other up and passes her by. Let this be a consolation to every plain sensible girl, whose personal defects are the subject of satire, if such a girl can ever survive such satire.—*Punch.*

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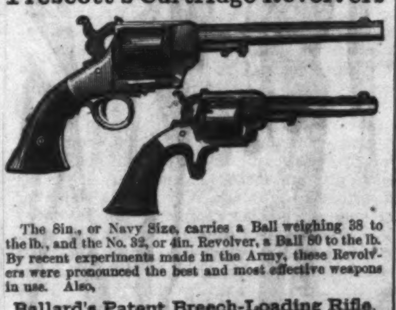

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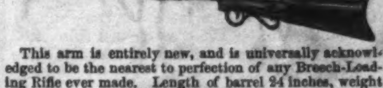

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